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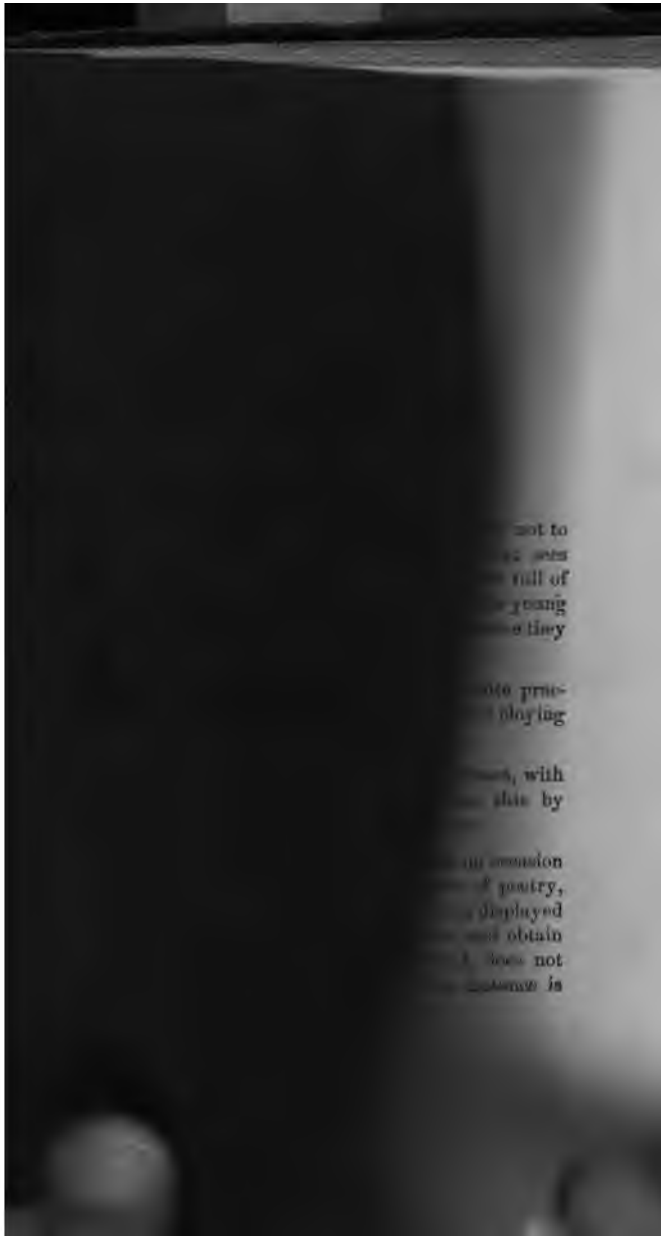

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WILD THYME.

WILD THYME;

VERSES,

BY ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL,

AUTHORESS OF "THE LIGHTHOUSE,"

"FIRST FRUITS," ETC.

LONDON:

BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1861.

DEDICATION.

TO F. J. M.

IN life's fair morning I did often stray
In little vales of peaceful loneliness,
And there I plucked a nosegay by the way;
Where shall I place it?—I will now confess,

It is no bright assemblage of fair flowers,
Sweet songs of beauty, stirring lays sublime;
I call the offspring of my thoughtful hours
Nought but a little nosegay of wild thyme!

And, as in loving faith we dare to send
(Because we have no precious token near)
The smallest gift unto a loving friend,
Knowing to him the smallest will be dear,

I give thee all I can: far brighter songs
May bless thee in a brighter, holier clime;
Meantime, Beloved One, to thy hand belongs
Thy loved one's little nosegay of "Wild Thyme!"

E. H. M.

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BLIND NANCY OF LLANFAENOR.

I.

THERE is darkness above me and darkness below,
There is darkness around me wherever I go;
There is nothing to look at, and nothing to hear,
Yet I am not alone, for my Father is near.

II.

The waggon passed by here a long time ago,
I heard the wheels creaking so heavy and slow;
The waggoner sang as he went down the lane;
I shall stay near the gate till he comes back again.

III.

Little Anna is gleaning. She left me at dawn,
'Twill be night ere she comes with her handful of
corn.
Is it noon yet? the morning has seemed a long while;
I am weary of sitting alone at the stile.

IV.

Yestere'en in the distance I heard the boys laugh,
And I crept to the green with the aid of my staff,
I knew where the church was—I felt by the wall;
As I came on the green they were playing at ball.

V.

The village is empty, I hear not a sound;
There is darkness above me and darkness around;
I watch for them now, not a voice can I hear;
But I am not alone, for my Father is near.

VI.

This place was so merry a fortnight ago,
They were reaping the corn in the meadows below;
But the wheat is all carried, the gleaning is o'er,
I shall hear the sheaves rustle beside me no more.

VII.

A lily grew once by the side of the gate,
I watched o'er that blossom both early and late,
I surely can see it—the leaves were so white;
Alas! I must wait till the sun is more bright.

VIII.

Till the sun is more bright? it is hot on my brow,—
Ah, well, 'tis so glaring, I cannot see now;
But perchance in the shade of the cool eventide
I may see the fair flowers that once were my pride.

IX.

The stocks and the wall-flowers faded away,
My granddaughter told me, ere Midsummer's day;
But the lily I love is still whiter than snow,
And the last time I saw it was six years ago.

X.

My spinning-wheel stands in its place by the door,
I have spun my last flax, I shall use it no more;
The village is still, not a neighbour is here;
But I am not alone, for my Father is near.

XI.

Strike on, my old clock, I hear nothing but thee,
All night and all day thou art speaking to me;
Both at eve and at morning I hear the same song,
These three little words, "not for long! not for long!"

XII.

My Father has led me where mountains arise,
As I journey He places His hand o'er mine eyes,
When I get to the top He will take it away,
And my sight shall awake to a glorious day!

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

WRITTEN IN NORWAY.

I.

THE lonely wooden village
Lies far beneath our eyes,
The cattle-bells are tinkling
Where rocky hills arise;

There are no fertile meadows,
  No forests wild and free;
We climb the rugged pathway
  And watch the distant sea.

II.

But 'mid the stony mountains
  Grow flowers fair and sweet,
And tufts of fragrant heartsease
  Are smiling at our feet.
Do they grow in dear old England?
  I never looked before,
With oaks and silver beeches,
  I cared for nothing more.

III.

But now I stoop and gather
  The loveliness I see,
And every tiny blossom
  Brings happiness to me.
I forget the noble forests,
  The oaks and hazel bowers,
And bless the rocky mountains
  For the beauty of their flowers.

IV.

When in the land of sorrow
  We climb the weary hill,
We leave the rich green meadows
  That were so calm and still;
The rocks close in around us,
  The air is sharp and cold,
We cannot help regretting
  The summer days of old.

V.

But though the great are taken,
  Small pleasures still are left:
Stoop down, and we shall gather
  A blossom in each cleft;
And though our thoughts may wander
  To lost and lovely bowers,
We'll bless the rocky mountains
  For the beauty of their flowers!

TO A DEAR FRIEND,

WITH A WILD ROSE FROM NORWAY.

I.

THIS Rosebud grew near Christiansand,
Above the Northern Sea,
I brought it from that rocky strand,
An off'ring unto thee.

II.

Reared in the piercing icy blast,
Unseen, unmarked it grew,
The heavy storm-cloud o'er it passed,
The sea-spray gave it dew.

III.

It has no colours bright and gay,
No perfume rich and rare,
And yet I send it thee to-day,—
Will it be welcome there?

IV.

Within thy garden of the West
  The glowing buds are bright,
And, in their garbs of beauty drest,
  Bloom roses red and white.

V.

This faded herald from the sea
  Can yet tell more than they,
How one true friend has thought of thee,
  Eight hundred miles away!

VI.

O keep it for a few short hours,
  To hear what it will say,
Then turn to those bright English flowers,
  And throw this one away!

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

I.

DEAR happy valley, fare thee well!
Dear pleasant home, good-bye!
I cannot wander far away
From thee without a sigh;
For ever flourish, gentle woods,
And guard the honoured hall,
That cherished me so many years—
Thank Heaven for them all!

II.

Grey Church, amid the firs, farewell!
Thy bells with merry chime
Have roused sweet echoes in my heart
And cheered me many a time;
I love each ivy-leaf that grows
Upon thy holy wall;

What happy Sundays I have passed—
  Thank Heaven for them all!

III.

Farewell, my little chestnut mare!
  No more at early morn
We fly across the dewy turf
  To hear the hunter's horn;
Now joy be with thee in the field,
  And joy within the stall,
For many joys I've had with thee—
  Thank Heaven for them all!

IV.

Farewell, dear faces, honest eyes,
  Who long have looked on mine,
And made me with your constant love
  Believe in Love Divine.
May all bright blessings ever dwell
  Within your daily call,
My many friends, my many loves,—
  Thank Heaven for you all!

V.

I will not say I shall not see
  Such happy days again,
I do believe God is too kind
  To love a mournful strain;
But if bright days exalt me not,
  Nor mournful days appal,
Come joyful days, come mournful days,—
  Thank Heaven for them all!

VI.

Farewell, once more, to ev'ry tree,
  To ev'ry trunk and stem,
Would they could only think of me,
  As I must think of them!
And may sweet voices ever ring
  Within the honoured hall,
Rejoicing in the love of God,
  And thanking Him for all!

CONTRAST.

I.

MY steed and I were passing by
With eyes upon the distant down,—
Both panting in our haste to fly
Beyond the compass of the town;

II.

The outline of the hills was clear
Against the pure and dazzling sky,
And summer winds were breathing near,
Though Lent had scarcely said good-bye;

III.

A lattice opened far above,
Within a little room of care,
A sister with a sister's love
Long watched a passing spirit there:

IV.

And as I looked I thought of her,
  So nearly at her journey's end,
And summoned to the sepulchre,
  Away from ev'ry loving friend.

V.

Her spark of life was nearly gone,
  And thus in passive faith she lay;
My stream of joy flowed freshly on,
  And hers was ebbing fast away.

VI.

"Alas!" I said, "so soon to die,
  So soon to leave the busy throng;
No more to see the lovely sky,
  No more to hear the linnet's song!"

VII.

But as I spoke another thought
  Flew o'er me quickly as a bird,
And sadly left me what it brought—
  Repentance for the hasty word.

VIII.

O love of life! O love of life!
  Mistaken are our views of bliss,
How can we love a world of strife,
  A world of agony like this?

IX.

And she whose pain I now lament
  May soon in pity think of me,
As of a soul in prison pent,
  And scarcely longing to be free.

X.

Her spirit in an angel bark
  O'er seas of light may calmly sail,
Whilst I am wand'ring in the dark,
  And tossed about by ev'ry gale.

XI.

All things of earth are bought or won,
  But nought the worldly spirit knows
Of deaths that glitter like the sun,
  And lives that blossom as the rose!

TO MY YOUNGEST SISTERS.

I.

MY little sisters, would you learn
To spend a happy day,
Come, walk with me, and listen well
To what I have to say.

II.

Arise in haste, with loving hearts
Redeem the precious time,
That you may have wherewith to serve
God's Majesty sublime.

III.

But go not forth till you have sought
A blessing on your way;
Prayer lights the fire within the soul,
And keeps it warm all day.

IV.

Let not the work within your hearts
  One moment be deferred,
But learn each day, from Holy Writ,
  Some little golden word;

V.

And do each day some little deed
  To show how much you love
The Lord, who left, to die for you,
  His glorious throne above.

VI.

He asks no wealth, He asks no strength,
  He asks no splendid deeds;
An earnest faith, a lowly heart,
  Are all the Saviour needs.

VII.

Do everything the whole day long
  In Christ's most holy Name,
And trust to Him that He may bless
  And sanctify the same.

VIII.

And though your path to-day may lie
  Through tangled brake and hollow,
A loving Shepherd goes before,—
  Be not afraid, but follow!

IX.

He takes the young lambs in his arms
  When wearily they go,
And points to pastures, cool and green,
  Where living waters flow.

X.

The Spring you love so much is near,
  The earth is full of light;
The trees are bursting into leaf,
  The thorn will soon be white.

XI.

Go, seek the violet in the shade,
  The cowslip in the vale;
And when you see God's mercies shed
  O'er ev'ry hill and dale,

XII.

Think of the joys our narrow hearts
  Can hardly understand,
The grandeur of our Father's home,
  The glorious Promised Land!

TRUE LOVE.

I.

A LOVELY lady dwells beside
  The deep majestic Rhine:
Like sunlight on the distant hills
  Her golden tresses shine;
Her brow is crownèd with the rays
  Of innocence divine.

II.

Go forth! ye gallant German knights,
  And win the priceless prize;
In such a cause it matters not
  Who conquers or who dies,

If ye can call one look of love
  From those immortal eyes.

III.

To battle with their enemies,
  And bring a trophy back,
They went upon their distant way;
  Each chose a lonely track;
The first that to the Rhine returned
  Was one in armour black.

IV.

He said, "O lovely one! I heard
  A knight speak ill of thee:
I bring thee here my bloodstained sword
  And news of victory;
For the life-blood of a deadly foe
  Is the dearest sight to me.

V.

"And wilt thou, fairest, come with me
  To yonder lordly tower,
And hear of victory every day,
  And battle every hour?

Thy meed shall be a warrior's love,
  Thy guerdon endless power!"
        The lady bowed her head,
        But not a word she said.

VI.

The second came. A glorious knight
  Arrayed in shining gold.
He said, "O loveliest on earth,
  I bring thee wealth untold,
And thou shalt reign above it all,
  Unquestioned, uncontrolled.

VII.

"The fragrant south shall give for thee
  Her fairest, freshest flowers,
The brightest songs shall wing for thee
  The sweet enchanting hours,
The richest jewels deck for thee
  Thine all-entrancing bowers!"
        The lady bowed her head,
        But not a word she said.

VIII.

The third drew near the battlements,
  In silver armour dight,
Upon his mailèd breast he wore
  A cross of purest white,
And in his earnest eyes there shone
  A grave and holy light!

IX.

He said, "O maiden, I have brought
  A precious gift to thee;
I bring thee water from the pure
  Blue lake of Galilee,
And a rose I plucked, at eventide,
  Below Mount Calvary!

X.

"No blood of peasant or of peer
  Hath ever stained my sword;
And yet I fight, both day and night,
  The battle of my Lord;
The light of His most holy love
  My glorious reward.

XI.

"I have no treasure but the cross,
The standard of the blest;
I have no mission but the joy
Of helping the opprest:—
O maiden, wilt thou come with me,
And seek eternal rest?"
The lady bowed her head,
"Thine, ever thine," she said.

PEACE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."—ISAIAH xxvi. 3.

I.

WHEN Christ departed from His own
A parting gift He promised them;
No mine of gold, no precious stone,
No glittering earthly diadem.

He did not say, " Your way is blest,
  Your name, your power shall increase."
He did not give them perfect rest,
  He only promised " Perfect Peace!"

II.

O joy for earnest humble hearts,
  O joy for spirits strong and calm,
To them the Saviour's soul imparts
  A cheerful light, a healing balm;
In corners of the earth they dwell,
  Unknown, till all their trials cease,
But still they whisper, " It is well,
  Because He gives us Perfect Peace!"

III.

And those who work amid the crowd,
  Can *they* too hear the gentle tone?
O yes! amid the tumult loud
  The Saviour walks beside His own;
The Shepherd watches o'er His sheep,
  Though sorrows come, and cares increase:
" Fear not—the waters may be deep,
  But I will give you Perfect Peace!"

IV.

This dearest, sweetest gift of God,
  Though not the best to worldly eyes,
Blesses the way the martyrs trod,
  And lifts the lowliest to the skies.
What Christian soul for more would ask?
  Poor captives waiting for release,
Content we ply our daily task,
  And only pray for "Perfect Peace!"

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

I.

I SAW a wayside cross of stone,
  It shone against the dark blue sky;
I stood beneath its shade alone,
Whilst multitudes were hurrying by.

II.

And gathered I each lovely flower,
  My hand could reach, mine eyes could see,
And twined a wreath that sunny hour,—
  'Twas all that then belonged to me.

III.

I hung it on the wayside cross,
  And thoughtfully pursued my way.
" But ah," I said, " 'tis only loss,
  'Twill fall and wither in a day !"

IV.

Another year had rolled away,
  And I once more was passing by ;
The trees were brown, the clouds were grey,
  The cross still pointed to the sky ;

V.

And on its snow-white arm my wreath,
  Though withered, hung securely there ;
The multitudes that passed beneath
  Had given it no thought, no care.

VI.

O happy wreath! to be forgot
By all, and yet be placed so high;
O happy wreath! thou fallest not,
And e'en, though faded, canst not die.

VII.

And such the fate of those who give
Their fragrance only to the sky,—
Unknown, unheeded whilst they live,
And soon forgotten when they die.

VIII.

The cross still holds the memory fast,
Of what they were in earthly hours;
Though withered *now*, 'twill bloom *at last*,
A wreath of everlasting flowers!

PRAYER FOR A HAPPY DEATH.

I.

GIVE me a happy death, O Lord!
And may no unforgiven sin
Revengeful rise before mine eyes,
To cloud the shining calm within!

II.

Give me a hopeful death, O Lord!
And when I cross the raging tide,
O may I see a glimpse of Thee,
And ford it with the Crucified!

III.

Give me a holy death, O Lord!
And may my panting soul have grace,
On earth to raise a song of praise,
And end it in Thy Holy Place!

IV.

Give me a dying life, O Lord!
That I may greet the happy time
When earthly things shall spread their wings,
And only leave us things sublime!

DARKNESS.

I.

ANOTHER bead is counted on the rosary
of Time,
And the day is sung to slumber by the
drowsy evening chime.

II.

My thoughts flow into verses, as the droppings from
the eaves
Flow downward, all unbidden, on the rustling laurel
leaves.

III.

O time of hope and longing! Time of melancholy
thought!
How many are the visions by a waking fancy wrought!

IV.

Some hearts abound in thankfulness for blessings
that are past,
And some in moody wonderings how long their joy
will last.

V.

Remembrances come o'er us of enthusiasm chilled,
Of efforts unrewarded, and of visions unfulfilled.

VI.

O Saviour! give me patience, and a holy self-control,
A heart of many prayers, and true nobility of soul.

VII.

By Thine eternal mercy may our follies be forgiven,
That I and all my cherished ones may live with
Thee in Heaven.

VIII.

My words are few but earnest, they shall quickly
pierce the air;
I will not tie a burden to the arrow of my prayer.

IX.

And the cloud of my imagining grows fainter as I
pray,
And the solemn night seems only the cool shadow
of the day.

DEATH.

I.

A MARBLE face, a coffin, and a shroud,
A long last look; how long and yet how
brief!
Dark plumes, and groups of weeping figures bowed
Down to the earth by weariness of grief.—

A sad procession and a tolling bell;
An open grave, and then a last farewell!
Thus to the worldly minded death appears,—
Life's glory setting in a sea of tears!

II.

A burst of music from the heavenly choir,
  A soul enchanting loud triumphant strain,
A ransomed spirit soaring higher, higher,
  Far from the clouds of weariness and pain;
A flood of light and glory pouring down,
A view of Jesus and a starry crown;
Thus to the holy minded death appears,
And God Himself shall wipe away all tears!

THE MURDER OF THE VIXEN FOX,

AT PIRGO PARK.

I.

HARK! the wily fox is found,
Loudly sounds the tally-ho;
Right across the fallow field,
See! the hounds and hunters go.

II.

Now the vixen seeks the wood,
Horns are blown and huntsmen cry;
On she goes! and not a hound
Stops her as she passes by.

III.

For she prayed so mournfully,
With her anxious starting eyes,
"Spare me for my little ones,
They die if their mother dies."

IV.

See! she dodges round and round,
  Through the brier, through the brake,
Still her mournful eyes implore
  Mercy for her children's sake.

V.

"For'ard! For'ard! lazy hounds!"
  Noble hounds! they will not stir,—
Safe she passes through the wood—
  "Gone away! hoicks! follow her!"

VI.

Down across the meadow land,
  Thundering o'er the turf they go;
Loudly sounds the merry horn,
  Loudly sounds the tally-ho!

VII.

Now they reach her, but the hounds
  Spare her as she breathless lies,
For, though dying, she implores
  Mercy with her mournful eyes.

VIII.

See! she gains the water-side,
  Untouched by a single hound,
Shouting huntsmen drove her in,—
  There the hapless fox was drowned!

IX.

Cold and hungry in the wood
  All her little ones must lie,
Waiting for their mother's help,
  Slowly pine and slowly die.

X.

Honour to the noble hounds!
  Honour to their mercy then!
Could they speak, their cry would be,
  "Shame upon the hearts of men!"

TO J * * * A * * * * R * * * * ,

ON HIS COMING OF AGE, FEB. 19, 1858.

I.

BORN in the month of lambs and sweet
spring flowers,
Be all thy ways as innocent and fair
As when in childhood's golden-footed hours
The sunbeams played upon thy waving hair.

II.

Named with the name of him whose faith unshaken,
Watched at the Cross his Saviour's latest breath,
Stand on God's side, though by the world forsaken,
And be, as he was, " faithful unto death."

III.

All choicest blessings rest upon thy way,
May time and grace each holy hope fulfil;
Good angels guard thy spirit night and day,
And keep thy conscience from a breath of ill!

IV.

But though thy days run in a happy length,
And countless mercies to thy portion fall,
Oh may the Holy Spirit give thee strength
To feel God's love the loveliest gift of all!

ANTICIPATION.

I.

WHEN life and friends and many joys impart
A glow of rapture to my grateful heart,
One thought comes flying past:—
"How long is this to last?"

II.

O foolish thought! the winter robin comes
To seek all-trustingly his daily crumbs;
And shall not we be fed
With holy heavenly bread?

III.

God will not leave His children when they pray,
Nor let His servants faint upon the way;
In many a woody dell
Sparkles a crystal well.

IV.

And should our Heavenly Father take away
The summer beauties that have blest our day,
And leave no happy sound,
No trees, no birds around;

V.

Then, like the trav'llers far away from land,
With waste of waters wide on either hand,
We'll rest our aching eyes
On calm and starry skies.

VALE!

A WISH AND ITS FULFILMENT.

I.

SHE said, e'er she departed,—
" I am sailing to the shore
Where pain and tribulation
Can follow me no more;
I would have no mournful tolling,
I would have no sad farewells,
Let them ring when I am buried
A joyous peal of bells!"

II.

We kissed her as she left us
To our sorrow and our pain,
But we could not raise our spirits
To her high angelic strain;
For the thought of merry chiming
Was more bitter to the soul
Of each sorrow-stricken mourner
Than the deepest funeral toll.

III.

We laid her in her coffin,
  And the room was full of flowers,
As our hearts were full of musings
  On her holy dying hours.
We laid her in her coffin,
  How still it seemed around,
We listened, and we listened,—
  Hark! a distant swelling sound!

IV.

The bells of far Leckhampton
  Rang a loud rejoicing chime,
And it came across the meadows
  In that sad and solemn time,
It travelled in the moonlight
  To the chamber of the dead,
And it seemed that she was speaking,
  And that thus our angel said:—

V.

"Fare ye well! ye gentle hearted,
  I have left you for awhile,

But mine absence draws you nearer
  To the Blessed Saviour's smile;
Could ye hear the glad rejoicing
  Ye would never call me dead;
Could ye see the beauty near me,
  And the glory round my head!

VI.

"Oh the blessed songs of angels!
  Oh the flowers that never fade!
Oh the glorious fulfilment
  Of the prayers that we have prayed!
I am lost in bliss and wonder
  At the joys that never cease,
At the everlasting rapture,
  And the everlasting peace!"

VII.

Thus we heard the angel message,
  As it rose and died away,
And it changed our winter ev'ning
  To a lovely summer day;
And before the gentle chiming
  Fell again upon our ears,

We bade it take an answer
  To the bright immortal spheres!

VIII.

"Fare thee well! thou happy spirit;
  Yet we cannot say farewell,
For around us and above us
  Still thy words and actions dwell,
Shedding everbeaming glory
  On the dreariness we see,
And each lovely thing will bring us
  Lovely memories of thee!

IX.

"We shall see thee in the flowers,
  We shall hear thee in the wind,
Thou shalt never be forgotten,
  Gentle heart and pious mind;
We have changed a precious treasure
  For a gift of dearer worth,
Gained an angel in the Heavens
  For a sister on the earth!"

ON A DYING FRIEND.

I.

I KNOW a peaceful holy place,
And Death is whisp'ring here,
In language of celestial grace,
Without a word of fear.

II.

And sweetly shine the starry beams,
As if they loved to go
And bear the light of angel-dreams
To angel-hearts below.

III.

Camellias grace the quiet room,
That looks so fresh and fair,
Because no word of grief or gloom
Is ever spoken there.

IV.

I watch her gently as she lies
  So helpless and so blest,
Meet off'ring for the holy skies,
  Where holy spirits rest.

V.

Not like a blossom beaten down
  By cold and wintry rain,
That falls where leaves are thickly strown,
  Too weak to rise again;

VI.

But like a flower that cannot bear
  To watch the night and weep,
So, when it feels the evening air,
  Folds up and goes to sleep.

VII.

A sunny time her life has been;
  But human love would say,
"Scarce twenty summers has she seen,
  Why must she go away?"

VIII.

And when I see the stars look down
Upon that quiet room,
It makes me weep to think how soon
They'll shine upon her tomb.

CHURCH DECORATIONS.

I.

YOU ask me why our Churches show
Fair sculptures on the walls?
Why storied windows softly glow
Above the oaken stalls?

II.

You say, "What need? the *heart* can pray
In buildings cold and bare,
God heareth all His children say,
And He is everywhere."

III.

" Listen :—Two monks of olden time
  Agreed with one accord
To copy out the life sublime
  Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

IV.

" How hard they worked! and Brother John,
  That patient man of old,
When all was written, laboured on
  With brushes dipped in gold.

V.

" He filled the margins, fair and wide,
  With landscapes, garlands, birds,
That lovely pictures side by side
  Might stand with lovely words.

VI.

" ' What gorgeous tints!' said Brother Bede,
  ' How brilliantly they glow;
Yet I would ask thee why the need
  Of all this outward show?

VII.

"'My simple pages do not shine
With red and blue and gold,
And yet therein the Word Divine
Is faithfully enrolled.'

VIII.

"'It may be so,' his brother said,
'My work is my reward;
I pour sweet ointment on the head
Of Jesus Christ our Lord!'"

MY HOME.

I.

MY Saviour! weary pilgrims tell
Of valleys rich in glorious things,
I heed them not if I may dwell
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

II.

I hear them praise each precious bird,
  That swiftly flies and sweetly sings;
But lovelier music I have heard
  Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

III.

The mountaineers may proudly tell
  Of crystal founts and pearly springs;
But I have found a living Well
  Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

IV.

On desert sand or ocean foam
  My Faith to Thee for ever clings;
I have a fixed eternal home
  Beneath the shadow of Thy wings!

" REJOICE EVERMORE."

I.

CHILD of God and heir of Heaven,
Wherefore is thy spirit sad?
Now thy sins are all forgiven,
Tell me, shouldst thou not be glad?
Flowers awake and thrushes sing,
Smile and bless the coming spring!"

II.

" I weep for sin, I weep for sorrow,
I mourn for friendship passed away;
I sigh because I fear to-morrow
May bring the grief escaped to-day.
Can *I* bless the coming spring?—
Let the thoughtless laugh and sing!"

III.

" Sin may go and sorrow die,
Friendship be renewed again,

And to-morrow hasten by
  Bringing joy instead of pain:
Flowers awake and thrushes sing,
Smile and bless the coming spring!"

IV.

"Oh, how can I, when I feel
  All the heavy sin of years?
Should I not in ashes kneel,
  And bedew my path with tears?
Can I bless the coming spring?
Let the faultless laugh and sing!"

V.

"Child of God, and heir of bliss,
  Christ has washed thy sins away;
Let thy heart remember this
  Sunshine for the darkest day:
Smile and bless the coming spring,
God would have His children sing!"

VI.

"Can I sing, and can I smile?
  I have loved, and I have lost;

Life was bright a little while,
  Then a shadow came and crossed
All the beauty of my spring:
  Let the thoughtless laugh and sing!"

VII.

" Child of God, and heir of joy,
  Thy belov'd ones still are thine,—
Have they not a blest employ
  Where eternal lilies shine?
Smile and bless the coming spring,
They would love to hear thee sing."

VIII.

" Can I smile when I have been
  By the waves of Marah deep?
Can I smile when I have seen
  Brothers mourn and sisters weep?
Can I bless the coming Spring?
Let the heartless laugh and sing!"

IX.

" Child of God, they have reward,
  Holy joy, eternal pleasure,

' Hidden manna' of the Lord,
Dealt to them in endless measure;
Smile and bless the coming Spring,
One day thou shalt hear them sing."

A CALL TO THE YOUNG.

I.

TO the youthful a voice is calling,
Have ye not heard its call?
On the youthful a light is falling,
And a message it bears to all!

II.

" O come to the throne on high,
Come to your Father *now*,
Ere a sorrow has faded and dimmed the eye,
Or a wrinkle has marked the brow!

III.

Bestow not your time, your care,
  On a barren and thankless soil;
An earnest hour of heartfelt prayer
  Does more than a year of toil.

IV.

Delay not till life's decay
  Makes service a thing of sadness;
In the morn the spirit is bright and gay,
  And looks to its God with gladness.

V.

Does the glory of *this* world call you?
  Beware of her toils, beware!
Can she succour when griefs befall you?
  Her path is a path of care.

VI.

The true-hearted man's ambition
  Soars grandly beyond the sky,
And looks for a ripe fruition
  Alone in the courts on high.

VII.

What matters a sway on earth
  To the man who may rule a star?
What matters a light and a fleeting mirth
  When the spirit can fly afar,

VIII.

Where a torrent of music rolls
  Through the radiant heavenly air,
In the saintly presence of holy souls
  Who have lived in the light of prayer?

IX.

Look! look where the banners wave!
  Go! seek for a glorious post,
The only place for the young and brave
  Is the van of the Saviour's host.

X.

The earliest morning hour,
  The earliest breath of Spring,
The sweetest hope and the fairest flower
  The heart in its love can bring:

XI.

The warmth of a true affection,
All glory, all joy, all love;
O give them a pure direction,
And offer them all above!

DEAD LEAVES.

I.

WHY sweep the fallen leaves away?
A few short sunny weeks ago,
Before the autumn skies were gray,
They did not shrink and wither so.
Beneath them happy children played,
The singing birds flew in between,
We sat and blessed the pleasant shade
That bloomed above us fresh and green.
O gently, gently let them fall
And gently let them sink and die;

Pass on, old man, and leave them all
  To me and to my parting sigh."
The old man only shook his head
  And said, as careless mortals say,—
" No matter now—they all are dead,
  And dead leaves must be swept away!"

II.

'Tis thus we think of pleasant things
  When thus our pleasant things must die;
The bird in yonder dead tree sings,
  He is more true than you or I.
Our hopes, our loves, our youthful dreams,
  We blessed awhile their grateful shade,
And, like young leaves, our childish schemes,
  Our warm affections warmly played;
But now, alas! we know them not,
  The dreary autumn wind has blown;
We pass each well-remembered spot,
  With mem'ries of the past 'tis strown;
We look upon them as we tread,
  And lightly think, and lightly say,—
" No matter now—they all are dead,
  And dead leaves must be swept away!"

III.

And when we die, as soon we must,
  I know the same thing will be said,
Before our beating hearts are dust,
  Our mem'ries will be cold and dead.
Perchance at first a few will say,—
  " Well, once they gave a pleasant shade,
I wish they had not passed away,
  They cheered our spirits while they stayed."
The world has little time to smile,
  And still less time to think or sigh;
They'll look upon our tombs awhile,
  Then laugh again and hurry by;
And as they pass, with careless tread,
  They'll lightly think, and lightly say,—
" No matter now—they all are dead,
  And dead leaves must be swept away!"

HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

I.

SING on, O glorious host of God,
Before the Father's throne;
No more ye hear the chastening rod,
No more ye faint and groan!

II.

Your robes are white, your hopes are bright,
Your starry crowns are won,
Dry all the tears of earthly years
In God's eternal sun.

III.

Roll, everlasting music, roll!
Where joys immortal wait,
And welcome each triumphant soul
That enters through the gate.

IV.

Behold them stand, a radiant band,
  In shining garments clad,
Their trials o'er for evermore,
  Their lovely faces glad.

V.

Twelve times twelve thousand—mystic sign
  Of God's redeemed, complete:
All who have loved His Name divine,
  Or found His worship sweet.

VI.

And can it be that we shall see
  This awful glory too,
With all the tried, who bravely died,
  The faithful and the true?

VII.

Yes, for the blood that washed them white
  Is not the martyr's own;
Their souls were made so pure and bright
  By that of Christ alone.

VIII.

Whether we tread with those that bled
  In martyrdom sublime,
Or work and pray, and waste away
  A little at a time;

IX.

Whether we fall in fiercest strife,
  With heaviest load of care,
Or pass with noiseless step through life,
  None knowing what we bear;

X.

We have a part with each true heart
  That worships round the throne;
Our hopes, our cares were likewise theirs,
  And they are Christ's alone.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

I.

IF all the breath we spend in sighs
Were spent in earnest prayer,
We then should see few weeping eyes,
And know but little care.

II.

Alas! when in deserted lands
No human help appears,
We turn away from angel hands
To waste our strength in tears.

III.

O music, light, and glory, lost
To earthly ears and eyes!
O Love, unquenched by that cold frost
Which on our spirit lies,

IV.

Wake up our thankless hearts, reveal
  The wonders near and far,
And give us grace to know and feel
  How watched, how loved we are!

V.

Then will our darkest day be bright,
  Our sorrows drowned in song,
And visions of celestial light
  Be with us all day long:

VI.

And as the sailor, after drear
  And endless months at sea,
Knows land, though yet unseen, is near,
  By winds that seem to be

VII.

Sweet breath from lovely myrtle bowers,
  On lovely southern shore,
Sweet odours from enchanting flowers
  He never saw before;

VIII.

So we, upon the wings of prayer,
Shall know that Heaven is near,
By fragrant wafts of heavenly air
That come to meet us here!

MIDNIGHT HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

BENEATH the shadow of Thy wings
I seek for heavenly things;—
O Lord! be with my soul to-night,
And lead it to the height,
The lonely mountain where our Saviour stayed,
And Palestine's calm moon shone o'er Him as He prayed.

II.

Brief are our prayers, and soft our beds,
No midnight watch we keep;

We wearily lay down our heads,
And gently fall asleep.
With care for us oppressed
His spirit sought no rest;
But all day long He went His holy way,
And all night long He prayed for those who would
not pray.

III.

We deem it hard to spend
An hour with that dear Friend
Whose life, whose love, whose all to us was given.
We call His service long,
We falter in our song,
Nor care to speak e'en of the joys of Heaven;
But *He*,—O Christ divine,
Was ever love like Thine?

IV.

Come, Holy Ghost, the Comforter and gift
Of that dear sinless One,—uplift
My soul upon the heights of contemplation;
Then, lost in admiration,

On that most sacred spot,
The world shall be forgot;
And though, perchance, in future day
My glad *Te Deum* die away,
And *De Profundis* be my only lay:—
I care not what my song may be
If Thou wilt stay with me!

V.

How small this life appears!
Its smiles, its tears,
Its hopes, its fears,
How purposeless, how trifling, and how vain!
Gone is its passing sweetness,
And e'er we mourn its fleetness
We, too, are gone, with all our care and pain.
Break forth and shine,
O Light Divine!
For Thou, O Holy Ghost! canst make all bright again.

VI.

Sometimes Thy Light is hidden,
(Too lovely far for me,)

Sometimes I seem forbidden
  To watch and wait for Thee.
A burden on my spirit lies,
I dread Thy holy eyes,
I know the depth of all my sin,
And dare not look therein.

VII.

But now within the silent midnight hour
  I seek Thy strengthening power;
    The tumult of the busy day
    At length has passed away,
  And thoughts, as yet unheard, unspoken,
  Rise to my lips in accents broken:
None hear them, none can understand, save Thou;
O Holy Ghost! look on me! hear me now!

RESTLESSNESS.

"God has formed the soul of man so entirely for Himself, that it is ever restless until it rests in Him."—St. Augustine.

I.

THE sunset gilds the purple shore,
And brightly, calmly, fades away;
And I am thinking more and more
Of all that I have thought to-day.

II.

For as the shades of night close in,
The shades of thought grow deeper too;
And phantoms of the mind begin
To wake my heart and wander through.

III.

I pace the white and lonely deck,
With eyes upon the distant main;
With eyes upon the distant wreck
That rises,—now is lost again.

IV.

The ships of war look calmly down,
  Majestic castles of the sea,
And rows of stately cannon frown
  Above the frontier of the free.

V.

But, O my heart! it is not here
  That thou the whole day long hast been;
My thoughts, like birds, are hovering near
  A fairer home, a gentler scene.

VI.

'Tis true I hear the seamen hail,
  I hear the boatswain's whistle shrill,
But I am in a shady dale
  And gazing on a dark blue hill.

VII.

I see the high-roofed tower well,
  I see the deep green fields below,
I see the richly wooded dell
  Where we went nutting long ago.

VIII.

I watch my little sisters play
  Beneath the gnarled and hollow tree:
Have they been happy all the day,
  And have they had a thought for me?

IX.

I walk upon the terrace long,
  And see the red geraniums glow;
I hear the reapers' evening song,
  And watch the gleaners come and go.

X.

O would indeed that I were there
  This soft and lovely summer day!
O would indeed that I might share
  Their song, their labour, and their play!

XI.

And yet, perchance, if I were there,
  My thoughts would fly away to sea;
And having them I might not care
  For all the blessings offered me!

XII.

'Tis all the same, in age or youth,
We're heedless of the joys possest;—
Oh, feelings sent to teach the truth,
"This world can never be our rest!"

IDLENESS.

I.

TO-DAY hath been an idle day of dreams,—
And yet, in spite of all, it hardly seems
A day of mute and heavy idleness;—
Companions say, "A penny for your thought;"
But tell me frankly how can that be bought
Which I can feel but never can express?

II.

Call me not idle. All my spirits go,
All my thoughts wander, all my feelings flow

Into yon golden river in the west.
Must we have always books, and pens, and ink?
Sometimes, my friends, we *feel* too much to *think*,—
And then it is that we are wholly blest.

III.

Call me not idle. They are idle who
Give their poor hands and brains so much to do
Their hearts lie fallow, and their eyes are blind
To all the beauties of a scene like this,
The foretaste of an everlasting bliss,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind!

HEAVENLY VOICES.

"And they heard a great voice from Heaven, saying unto them, Come up hither."—Rev. xi. 12.

I.

HUSH! in silence let me be;
Tell me not of earthly things;
Did a spirit speak to me?
Did I hear an angel's wings?

Voices from the stars and flowers,
Voices heard in lonely hours,
Cry by night, and cry by day:—
"Come up hither! Come away!"

II.

Can I listen to the drear
  Dark forebodings of the mind,
When is stealing on mine ear
  Music of a heavenly kind?
Voices from the solemn-hearted,
Voices from our friends departed,
Cry by night, and cry by day:—
"Come up hither! Come away!"

III.

Thus they sing: "Immortal soul!
  Higher, higher, lift thine eyes;
Look towards the glorious goal,
  Seek thy treasure in the skies;
Come to us by faith and prayer,
Come to us by holy care,
Watch and learn, and love and pray,
Come up hither! Come away!"

IV.

" I am coming! I will leave
All my doubts, and all my fear;
I am coming to receive
Blessings from another sphere!"
Voices from the Holy Ghost,
Voices from the heavenly host,
Cry by night, and cry by day:—
" Come up hither! Come away!"

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

I.

AS day by day, and year by year,
We wander in this wand'ring sphere,
There is a thought that keeps me strong,
And ever will, through care and wrong,
O'er stony rock, o'er velvet sod;
It is, " Have confidence in God!"

II.

I fear no touch from sorrow's hand,
I fear no danger in the land,
For I can watch, and I can pray,
My God is with me, He will say:—
"In pleasure thou hast thought of Me,
And I in grief will comfort thee!"

III.

I fear no labour, I can seek
A wisdom promised to the weak.
Contented on my way I go,
And gaily sing, for well I know
Whate'er my Father bids me do,
He gives me strength to carry through.

IV.

I fear no pain, I fear no loss,
The Rose is twining up the Cross;
And can I weep when angels wait
To lead us to the heavenly gate?
O fate, take all, but leave behind
A faithful heart, a quiet mind!

V.

The icy wind of time may blow,
And yet I fear no winter's snow,
If only through the storm be heard
My Father's ever gracious word:—
"In childhood thou hast worshipped Me,
And I in age will shelter thee."

VI.

And should the tempter hover near,
To darken my last hour with fear,
I will defy his cunning art,
And answer with a steadfast heart:—
"My God will never leave undone
The work His Spirit hath begun."

THE SEPULCHRE.

JOHN, XX.

I.

WITH weeping eyes the Magdalen departed
To seek her Saviour on the Easter morn,
The Refuge of the poor and broken-hearted
Had gone away and left them all forlorn.

II.

With faltering steps the mourner passes by
The rippling fountains, and the peaceful palms;
Her only hope, her only wish, to die,
And rest within the everlasting arms.

III.

She seeks the sepulchre, still sadly weeping,
But lo! the grave is full of life and light,
Two angels there a holy watch are keeping,
Arrayed in garments of celestial white.

IV.

And as she gazes on the tomb, she hears
  A well-known word, a sweet consoling voice,
And looking up, and smiling through her tears,
  She turns to meet her Saviour, and rejoice.

V.

So we on earth are ofttimes weak and fainting
  With gloomy memories and hidden fear,
And expectation never wearies painting
  The painful things she fancies lurking near;

VI.

And all the pathway of our life seems shaded
  With solemn tints of gloominess and woe;
And not a leaf appears but what is faded,
  And not a joy but what is soon to go:

VII.

'Tis then we seek the graves of the departed,
  Departed mem'ries, and departed friends;
But when on earth we seem most broken-hearted,
  Nearer to God our lonely prayer ascends.

VIII.

Though knowing all the sorrows of mankind,
Our daily cross with hopefulness we bear;
When Christian mourners seek the tomb, they find
Not only angels, but a Saviour there.

DU BOURG'S LAST CRY.

ANNE DU BOURG, condemned as a Huguenot in the reign of Henry the Second, after six months' imprisonment, refused to recant, though threatened by the King, and entreated by his friend De Harley.

I.

THE martyr sat within his cell,
And watched the setting sun;
'Tis time to bid the earth farewell,
His race is nearly run.
A lonely vigil,—'tis the last,—
Soon grief and torture will be past:
Devoted, strong,
He suffered long,

But now his cry must be:—
" My God! My God! Forsake me not,
That I forsake not Thee!"

II.

None fear the glorious battle-field,
None fear the battle-cry,
None fear upon a warrior's shield
To lay them down and die;
But this is not *thy* death, and thou,
Du Bourg, art calmly waiting now,
'Neath the cold moon;
And very soon
Thine awful cry will be:—
" My God! My God! Forsake me not,
That I forsake not Thee!"

III.

He stood before the cruel king
Undauntedly, and said:—
" What! shall thy servant do this thing?
Nay, count me with the dead.
O Henry, boast—thou canst not kill
The strong, immortal, changeless will."

His spirit burned,
But soon he turned
And lowly bent his knee:—
" My God! My God! Forsake me not,
That I forsake not Thee!"

IV.

De Harley came—his cherished one—
And prayed with many tears:—
" Friend of my youth! betrayed! undone!
Remember former years."
" Friend of my youth!" the martyr cried,
" My constancy should be thy pride."
Then turned away,
Once more to pray,
But groaned in agony:—
" My God! My God! Forsake me not,
That I forsake not Thee!"

V.

And now they lead him forth to die:
It is a fearful death;—
The sable gibbet looms on high,
The red-hot blaze beneath;

Up! up! the ladder leads to Heaven!
Farewell, Du Bourg, the word is given!
They give no grace,
They hide his face,
They mock his constancy;—
My God! My God! Forsake him not,
That he forsake not Thee!

VI.

Three times they send his body down,
Three times they raise it high,
A sheet of flame from foot to crown;
But still I hear that cry.
I hear it still, as clear and loud
It pierces through the awe-struck crowd.
O happy soul,
While ages roll
Remembered will it be:—
"My God! My God! Forsake me not,
That I forsake not Thee!"

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

NOT in the glorious summer,
With birds and blossoms near,
Not in the blaze of noonday,
Did Christ our Lord appear;

II.

But when the moonlight sparkled
On mountains cold and clear,
Then, at the solemn midnight,
Did Christ our Lord appear.

III.

Not to the priests and princes,
The nobles of Judea,
Not to the wise and learned,
Did Christ our Lord appear;

IV.

But to the lowly shepherds,
  Who watched in holy fear,
Alone with their meditations,
  Did Christ our Lord appear.

V.

Thus in the soul's dark winter
  Are light and gladness near;
Thus to the solemn-hearted
  Will Christ our Lord appear.

VI.

The beams of His light and glory
  Shall dry up every tear:—
To us, in His wondrous mercy,
  May Christ our Lord appear!

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

I.

AN angel watched in the garden,
The garden of Christ our Lord;
The sunbeams played on the branches,
And then on the soft green-sward;

II.

A maiden looked over the paling,
Leant over the garden gate,
And thoughtfully watched the shadows
That fell as the eve grew late:—

III.

"Dear Angel, I love the flowers
That grow in this garden fair;
Oh, give me those dark red roses
To twine in my chestnut hair!"

IV.

" O Maiden, those crimson roses
  Are theirs who have nobly died;
They are washed in the blood of the martyrs,
  Thou never canst so be tried!"

V.

" Then give me those milk-white lilies
  To twine in my chestnut hair;
For, Angel, I love the flowers
  That grow in this garden fair."

VI.

" O Maiden, those milk-white lilies
  Belong to the pure and true;
Go back to the world and win them,
  For, behold! they are won by few!"

THE SPECTRE SHIP.

I.

THE Spectre ship came on,
I saw her on our lea,
The strangest sight upon
The trackless Northern Sea.

II.

The sun went down to-night
In a flood of liquid flame,
Ere our vessel came in sight
Of the ship without a name.

III.

I saw her bearing down,
Like a white-robed queen, alone;
The glittering stars her crown
And the shining waves her throne.

IV.

The shrieking sea-birds flew
  Before her awful face,
As she bore her ghastly crew
  With a calm, majestic grace.

V.

She held her ghostly way,
  And the waters made no sound,
I could see no dashing spray,
  No phosphor light around.

VI.

I could hear no shouting crew,
  No singing wild and free;
But silently she flew
  O'er the silent Northern Sea.

VII.

We hailed her—no reply,—
  We hailed her twice again,—
The echoes seemed to die
  On the solemn distant main.

VIII.

The raven banner flew
  O'er a slender raking mast,
I could see the moonlight through
  The mainsail as she passed.

IX.

The Spectre Ship came near,
  And, crowded on her deck,
Were faces pale with fear,
  Like the dying on a wreck.

X.

In a moment she had flown,
  The wind was fair and free,
And we were left alone
  On the trackless Northern Sea.

THE SIEGE OF DEVA.

In 1849, the rock and fortress of Déva was held by fifty Hungarians against the Austrian army.

Impervious to famine and assault, nothing could daunt them until the news arrived of Görgey's surrender. Finding their cause to be hopeless, they resolved to blow up the fort and themselves in it; reserving one of their number by lot to convey the tidings to their countrymen. The only woman in the fortress begged to be allowed to light the train of gunpowder which was to cause their destruction.

I.

I STAND alone on Déva's rock,
The Maros rolls beneath it;
I have a mountain tale to tell,
To mountains I bequeath it;
Bow down, ye proud Hungarian hills,
My bitter shame to share:
Weep tears of blood, O mountain flood,
Weep! weep! for my despair!

II.

I stand alone where heroes stood
  A few short years ago,—
The patriot flag on yonder crag,
  How brightly did it glow!
I loudly swore with fifty more
  To die for Fatherland:—
A heart I bear, a sword I wear,
  And yet alive I stand!

III.

How came it so, this bitter woe?
  O mountain, rock, and river!
No friends but ye look now on me,
  And rest ye dumb for ever?
Dark shadows, fly across the sky!
  Deep Maros, wildly roll!
The light of day can never stay
  The torment of my soul!

IV.

Bear, mountain wind, nor leave behind
  The song I sing to thee,
And not alone where forests moan,
  But waft it to the sea;

The rushing gale shall bear the tale,
  And awe-struck seamen wonder,
When my dying word their heart hath stirred,
  Like the roar of distant thunder!

V.

O'er Déva's glen but fifty men
  Kept gallant watch and ward;
O'er Déva's crag flew out the flag,
  The Patriot's only lord!
Round Déva's height the lances bright
  Of Austria shone beneath;
In Déva's hall the cry from all
  Was, "Victory or Death!"

VI.

We took a vow—I hear it now—
  Upon our chieftain's blade;
The selfsame oath heroic Tell,
  The gallant Switzer, made;
They looked into each other's eyes,
  They swore it loud and true;
They swore it by the deep blue skies,
  O Heaven, *I* swore it too!

VII.

O heroes of the olden time!
  O Freedom ever fled!
O scorn of wrong so deep and strong!
  O mem'ry of the dead!
Depart! depart! my weary heart
  Hath lost its glory now,—
Compelled to fly, I could not die,
  I broke a warrior's vow!

VIII.

Both day and night a weary watch,
  A weary watch we kept;
A deep red light was burnt all night,
  Our chieftain never slept:
And evermore we heard the roar
  Of the foeman's camp below,
As sea-waves roar on rocky shore
  Beneath a beacon's glow!

IX.

Gaunt Famine stood within our halls,
  He met derision only;
Still Freedom reigned in Déva's walls,
  That little rock so lonely;

When, like a flame, the tidings came
  Of Görgey's foul surrender,
We hoped no more,—the reign was o'er
  Of Hungary's ancient splendour.

X.

Our chieftain called the little band,
  And sadly spoke, and slowly:—
" We may not fly, but we can die,
  And such a death is holy!
We'll perish for the sacred ground
  That heroes used to tread;
Our souls shall be the halo round
  Our noble country's head!

XI.

" The powder barrels lie below,
  One spark and they are lighted;
We may not know our country's woe,
  Our native land benighted;
For vice is strong, and right is weak,
  And vainly freedom cries:—
' O fellow-soldiers, *we* will seek
  A country in the skies!' "

XII.

We clashed our swords upon the ground,
  Our caps were in the air;
No bitter cry of grief went by,
  No accents of despair;
But swift, and strong, and loud, and long
  Arose the heroes' breath:—
"Hurrah! hurrah! for Freedom's star,
  For liberty or death!"

XIII.

Our chieftain spoke: "O Michael, thou
  Art young, and very fair;
And home upon the mountain brow
  The tidings thou shalt bear:
Go, truly tell how nobly fell
  Proud Déva's lonely band,
And thou shalt hear thy mother's voice
  And clasp thy father's hand!"

XIV.

Young Michael shook his golden locks,
  Light flashed within his eyes;—
"O name no more my native rocks,
  My home is in the skies!

Here, here alone I make my choice;
  Within a conquered land
I will not hear my mother's voice,
  Nor clasp my father's hand!"

XV.

Our chieftain spoke: "Thou gentle Karl,
  My comrade and my friend,
By thine own true and loving voice
  The message we will send;
And by the pure, eternal faith
  Thy stately Eva bears,
Go, seek no more a hero's death,
  But give a hero's prayers!"

XVI.

Karl answered, (a forbidden tear
  Was trembling in his eye,)
"My chieftain, I have sworn it here
  With thee and thine to die!
Mine Eva knows the battle-strife,
  Her soul is strong and brave,
And she would scorn a coward's life,
  [illegible] bless a hero's grave!"

XVII.

We answered: " Not a soul will go
  To bear our last farewell!"
We answered: " Not a soul will go
  The dreary news to tell;
Long, long," we cried, " here, side by side,
  Beneath our native sky,
We've risked our life in battle-strife,
  Together we will die!"

XVIII.

Our chieftain spoke like one awoke
  From care-forgetting slumbers:—
" O murmur not, a fatal lot
  Shall thin our gallant numbers;
And he who draws the lot shall go
  Across the mountains blue,
And tell our comrades of our woe,
  And of our glory too."

XIX.

The time drew near for life or death,
  The awful lots were ready;
We shut our eyes, we held our breath,
  No warrior hand was steady:

A chillness crept upon my soul,
They spoke, I answered not;
I placed my hand within the bowl,—
I drew the fatal lot.

XX.

Our chieftain spoke: "Dear Stephen, go,
And take thy promised Bride;
Forget our friendship and our woe,
And seek the mountain side;
Forget thy conquered, native land,
Forget its shame and fear;
And dwell upon another strand,
A happy mountaineer."

XXI.

Sarolta cast no look on me,
Her dark eyes full of fire,
She cried, "And wouldst thou *I* should flee,
O brave and noble sire?
I will not go. My warrior friends,
This grace to me be given,
And I will light the train that sends
Your patriot souls to Heaven!"

XXII.

Then from the crowd rose long and loud,
  And wildly echoed far,
In Déva's hall, the cry from all,
  " Sarolta is our Star!"
Their cheers arise and rend the skies,
  And loud and long the cry,—
" She who hath lived a hero's life,
  A hero's death shall die!"

XXIII.

I dared not raise mine eyes to her,
  I fell upon the ground;
I urged her with a coward prayer,
  She would not look around.
She said: " Forget the happy past,
  Our former vows are broken;
For here my future lot is cast,—
  Farewell, my doom is spoken!"

XXIV.

" O Michael," cried I, " by the past,
  By all my love to thee,
Be generous, noble, to the last,
  And go in place of me."

He said: " Thine honour bids thee go,
  Thou wouldst not tarnish mine?
I mourn thy love, I mourn thy woe;—
  The fatal lot is *thine!*"

XXV.

They led me from the Castle hall,
  Our chieftain's face was hid;
They led me to the outer wall,
  I knew not what they did:
A rope around my waist they bound,
  And not a word was spoken;
They looked on me as men who see
  A comrade's heart is broken.

XXVI.

A moment there I swung in air;
  Safe on the ground alighted,
I sat beside the rushing tide,
  Cold, weary, and benighted;
Mine eyes were fixed on Déva's tower,
  Mine ears were open too,—
I could not go that solemn hour
  Across the mountains blue.

XXVII.

I sat and watched. The solemn stars
  Were rising, one by one;
I watched as when pale dying men
  Watch sadly for the sun;
It seemed as to mine eyes and ears
  A tenfold strength was given;—
One spark—one flash—one deaf'ning crash
  Sent fifty souls to Heaven!

XXVIII.

And then I flew across the hills,
  I seemed to sweep the air
I darted through, for well I knew
  The swiftness of despair;
Such grief had place upon my face,
  Such anguish on my brow,
Each mountaineer grew pale with fear,
  And cried, "Whence comest *thou?*"

XXIX.

I answered not. I had forgot
  The message I was given!
Forsaken, lost, and tempest-tost,
  I knew no hope of Heaven:

I wandered wild, a mountain child
  Bereft of all my glory;
Lived I so long to sing this song,
  And tell my shameful story?

XXX.

This song I've sung, and now my tongue
  Shall never sing another;
No friend have I beneath the sky,
  No sister, and no brother.
Ye dark waves, roll above my soul!
  Rush o'er me, torrents wild!
And, as below the rocks ye flow,
  Receive your weary child!

BLIND AND DEAF.

A PORTRAIT.

I.

A LITTLE cottage all alone,
And, till the primrose tufts are blown,
'Tis thought a dark and gloomy place;—
To me 'tis full of light and grace.

II.

A weary pilgrim sojourns there,
And some would think her bowed with care;
Her book has reached its final page,
For she is eighty years of age.

III.

She has been blind for many years,
But sheds no weak, repining tears;
The sunshine of her eyes has fled,
And yet no rain has come instead.

IV.

She sees delights we cannot see,
Because her heart and soul are free;
All worldly things in shade are thrown,
And God and Heaven reign there alone!

V.

Deaf to the voices, stern and rough,
Of sinful men, she hears enough,
For Angels sing her all day long,
A bright, a pure, a holy song.

VI.

And all her days are far too short
To think each heaven-descended thought;
And all her nights are full of prayer,
As flowers perfume the summer air.

VII.

The village children seek her eye,
And love to watch and linger nigh,
Call her to look with loving words,
And show her blossoms, lambs, and birds.

VIII.

Her wishes and her ways they tend,
And name her dearest, holiest friend;
They come, they go, they come again,
Through winter snow and summer rain.

IX.

They tell her all their joy and sorrow,
Their plans, their hopes, to-day, to-morrow;
She cannot see, she cannot hear,—
Why love they so to linger near?

X.

How often guileless hearts can find
Deep beauty in a pious mind,
That worldly souls would hurry by,
Or only notice with a sigh.

THE COTTAGE-GARDEN NOSEGAY.

I.

I ASK no flow'rs of artificial glory,
Reared in an ever-genial atmosphere;
No bright-eyed queens of wealth's conservatory,
To nobles precious, and to monarchs dear:
For, though I gaze in wonder on their state,
My joys I enter through a garden gate.

II.

A white-washed cottage bids me welcome gladly,
And, hidden deep in sheltering apple-trees,
It looks upon the outer world half sadly;
But those who live there are not hard to please,
For when I come they bid good-bye to sorrow,
And, when I go, say, "Come again to-morrow!"

III.

They give me clustering roses in their beauty,
  Sweet rosemary and fragrant southern-wood;
Those pure remembrances of faith and duty,
  Dear lilies of the valley, fair and good;
White stocks, and lilacs, double gilliflowers,
All children of their hard-earned leisure hours.

IV.

And many a tiny flow'r that blossoms gaily,
  Though hardly seen, so close unto the ground,
Like little charities, minute and daily,
  That in self-sacrificing hearts abound,
Which some tread under-foot, and some despise,
But others gaze on with adoring eyes.

V.

I have a picture of the Saviour dying,
  And I will take these blossoms home and place
Them near His feet, that there, in beauty lying,
  They may enjoy the sunshine of His face;
Sweet off'rings grow beside a cottage-door,
For He hath said, "How blessed are the poor!"

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

I.

THE shadows sleep
On the glassy deep,
And the great ships darken the starry sky;
Whilst a wandering light
Passes through the night,
Then falls in the harbour to sink and die.

II.

The sentinel
With his deep "All's well!"
Paces up and down on the rampart lone;
The loud retreat
Has ceased to beat,
And long time hushed is the bugle's tone.

III.

The watermen cry
As they swiftly ply

Their wherries across from shore to shore;
And distant far,
'Neath a distant star,
I watch the light of a dashing oar.

IV.

And the stars I see
Look down on me,
As if they would pierce to mine inmost heart,
As down in the deep,
When it goes to sleep,
The piercing rays of their eyes they dart.

V.

O worlds so fair,
Can grief and care
Exist in the realms of your wondrous light!
Do the watermen shout,
As in and out
Their wherries they steer in the solemn night?

VI.

Do the sentinels pace,
In their lonely place,

Up and down, up and down in the cool night air?
Do sad hearts pray,
And sing, " Well-a-day !"
Is this what they do in those worlds so fair?

VII.

Or, do spirits glide
O'er the silver tide
In pinnaces built for the softest breeze,
With nothing to do
But to wander through
The fragrant isles of delicious seas?

VIII.

I cannot tell,
But I fancy well,
In those worlds above such a boundless bliss,
That the shortest day
Of it all would pay
For the longest life of despair in this!

IX.

Whenever I gaze
On those, heavenly rays,

The thoughts of ambition and warfare cease,
The world disappears
With its hopes and fears,
And nothing is left but the sweetest peace.

X.

When mine eyes have dwelt
On Orion's belt,
My mind is calm, and my heart is free,
And I thank the stars
For the friendly bars
Of light they have placed 'twixt the world and me!

XI.

I could stay and sing
Of each glorious thing,
Till the sea is green and the skies are gray,
Till the morning gun
And the rising sun
Chase all the dreams of my heart away.

GREETING TO SPRING.

I.

HARK! the Spring is calling us,
Who will go to meet her?
O'er the hills she beckons us,
Come with me and greet her!
Up the grassy slope we go,
Down the sleepy hollow,
Through the woodpath bowing low,
On, and I will follow!
Lights are playing hide and seek
O'er the dewy meadow;
Whilst the wakening forests keep
Still in gloomy shadow.
Let us chase the gloom away;
Come, ye merry-hearted,
And be frolicsome to day,
As in days departed!

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"
Rouse ye, weary men;
Can the spring-time bring us now
All it brought us then?

II.

Children seek for daffodils
In the valleys growing;
Old men watch the far-off hills
In the distance glowing.
Orchard blossoms, pink and white,
Fall in lovely clusters;
Swallows, singing in their flight,
Pass in merry musters.
In and out the rabbits run,
And the squirrels slyly
Cross our pathway, one by one,
Carefully and shyly.
Merrily the thrushes sing,
Greeting infant flowers;
Do they not to memory bring
Long forgotten hours?
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"
Rouse ye, weary men;

Can the spring-time bring us now
All it gave us then?

III.

Cowslips leave their earthy bed,
Busy bees are humming;
Though the snowdrops may be dead,
Roses soon are coming.
Cottage gardens shine around,
Laughing in their brightness;
Hawthorn and the May abound,
Dazzling in their whiteness.
Are the lilacs coming out?
Hasten, month of flowers!
Scatter all your gifts about,
As in childhood's hours,
Merrily ye used to do
Ere our days of sadness,
When the first faint breath of you
Made us shout for gladness.
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"
Rouse ye, weary men;
Can the spring-time bring us now
All it brought us *then*?

IV.

Ring a merry peal of bells,
  Let a happy greeting
Sound across the hills and dells,
  All the joy of meeting!
Then the smile of Spring so bright
  Shall be ten times brighter;
And her footstep, now so light,
  Shall be ten times lighter;
And her voice, though now so sweet,
  Shall be clearer, sweeter.
Ye who love Delight to meet,
  Come ye now and meet her.
Let us chase all gloom away;
  Come, ye merry-hearted,
And be frolicsome to-day,
As in days departed!
    "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"
    Rouse ye, weary men;
  Yes, the Spring shall bring us now
    All it brought us then!

THE VINE-DRESSER.

I.

ONE beautiful eve, I remember it well,
I walked on the banks of the lovely
Moselle;
Perplexed with the wonders that crowded my brain,
As I conned them all over and over again.

II.

I mused on the wonders of Nature and Art,
On the soul and the body, the mind and the heart;
Bewildered and puzzled, "O Knowledge," I cried,
"I would rather have thee than all other beside!"

III.

Then I saw a poor Vine-dresser come from the hill;
He wished me good-even with hearty good-will,
And gaily he sang, as he went on his way:
But he stopped at a little white chapel to pray.

IV.

He passed by God's acre, and placed a few flowers
Where bloom in deep peace the memorial bowers;
And I thought that his blossoms, though doomed to decay,
Had a fragrance still sweeter and purer than they.

V.

A poor little child wept alone in the road,
He had wandered away from his humble abode;
The Vine-dresser saw, and he shouted for joy
As he placed on his shoulder that white-headed boy.

VI.

As I saw them together proceed on their way,
The elder one loving, the little one gay,
I puzzled no more about Nature and Art,
For I heard a small voice speaking close to my heart:—

VII.

"This man is no scholar nor poet," it said,
"Yet he succours the living, and honours the dead;
He hath prayed for himself and for many beside,—
If his learning be little, still less is his pride.

VIII.

" For the wisdom of earth it is dreary to wait,—
If thy learning be little, thy *heart* can be great;
And think not so vainly 'tis dearer above
To be Angels of Knowledge than Angels of Love!"

THE MONK AND THE MANUSCRIPT.

A LEGEND OF LEIPSIC.

I.

BROTHER Clement is sitting alone, alone,
The vellum is spread before him;
The thrushes are singing in joyous tone,
The sunlight is streaming o'er him;
The brothers are calling him far away,
They may call, but he will not listen;
He is dipping his brush in a golden ray,
And is waiting to see it glisten.
They laugh at his toil, but Clement can tell,—
" Whate'er is worth doing is worth doing well;

The work and its owner may wither away,
But the hand that hath wrought it shall never
decay!"

He laboured and prayed that his work might be
blest;
Till the Psalter is finished the monk has no rest.

II.

Red letters, black letters,—see how they grow
In exquisite, endless order;
With crosses and lilies, around—below,
Enclosed in a golden border!
The vespers are ringing, the evening star
Looks down in the distance palely,
As Clement looks down where the bright things are
That he pens with his own hand daily.
They may laugh at his toil, but Clement can tell,—
"Whate'er is worth doing is worth doing well;
The work and its owner may wither away,
But the hand that hath wrought it shall never
decay!"

He labours and prays that his work may be blest;
Till the Psalter is finished the monk has no rest.

III.

When the moonlight is shining on love forlorn,
  And the rest of the world is sleeping,
Uncaring for those who on earth may mourn,
  As long as *they* hear no weeping,
Brother Clement is still o'er his pages bent,
  The light of his love outpouring,
In a reverent spirit of calm content,
  On the words that he lives adoring.
They may laugh at his toil, but Clement can tell,—
" Whate'er is worth doing is worth doing well;
The work and its owner may wither away,
But the hand that hath wrought it shall never
    decay!"

He laboured and prayed that his work might be
    blest;
The Psalter was finished, the monk was at rest.

IV.

A hundred long winters had passed away,
  When the place of his earthly resting
Was opened, one dreary November day,
  By a number of students jesting;

They looked in the coffin,—no longer there
  Was Clement; but white, undying,
And pure as the breath of his parting prayer,
  His pale right hand was lying!
They laughed at his toil, but Clement could tell,—
"Whate'er is worth doing is worth doing well;
The work and its owner may wither away,
But the hand that hath wrought it can never
    decay!"

EASTER HYMN.

I.

BEHOLD the snowy vestments
  That sparkle as the dew!
Behold the solemn branches
  Of everlasting yew,
The crosses and the garlands,
  In beautiful array,
The shining silver vessels,—
  O happy Easter Day!

The merry birds are singing
  Around the ancient tower;
The little buds are greeting
  A new one every hour:
Within our hearts are springing
  Sweet memories of bliss;
The joy of past Communions,
  The holy peace of this!

Come pain and tribulation,
  Our spirits cannot fear;
Come sadness and privation,
  Our treasure is not here;
Come sorrow and temptation
  In terrible array,
The thought of our salvation
  Will drive them all away!

II.

O blessings on the sunbeams,
  So gloriously bright!
O blessings on the blossoms
  That bless their happy light!
O blessings on the aged

Who falter up the aisle!
O blessings on the children
Who bless us with their smile!
Raise high the glorious anthem,
Raise high the song of light;
The Altar's glowing crimson
Is changed to spotless white;
Our sins are all forgiven,
Our death is done away;
Our Saviour Christ is risen,—
O happy Easter day!

Come pain and tribulation,
Our spirits cannot fear;
Come sadness and privation,
Our treasure is not here;
Come sorrow and temptation
In terrible array;
The thought of our salvation
Shall drive them all away!

III.

We see the Holy City
In wondrous splendour shine;

We hear the Hallelujahs
  Of choristers divine;
We see the crystal river,
  It sparkles as it rolls;
O would its stream of glory
  Might bear away our souls!
We see the King's own palace,
  The Rainbow and the Throne;
The bright eternal lilies
  Will shortly be our own;
And we shall sing for ever
  The Love that took away
All death and sin, to give us
  An endless Easter Day!

Come pain and tribulation,
  Our spirits cannot fear;
Come sorrow and privation,
  Our treasure is not here;
Come sadness and temptation
  In terrible array;
The thought of our salvation
  Shall drive them all away!

SUCH IS LIFE.

I.

WE wake beneath the purple clouds,
We see the sunlight glow;
We know not of the busy crowds
That hurry to and fro;
We look not in the twilight hours,
For Venus or for Mars,
We are so merry 'mid the flowers.
We care not for the stars;
We place on statues cold and gray
Love's Roses bright and fair;
We cannot give enough away,
We have so much to spare:
And by the gliding stream we stay,
As if we could for ever
See Heaven's eternal summer-day
Reflected in life's river.
In happy Spring the linnet's wing
Is swift across the sunny plains;

In many youth the light of truth
  Is seen through ruddy-tinted panes!

II.

We wake to consciousness of might,—
  We ask, "Why were we born?"
We study in the solemn night,
  And in the dusky morn;
We watch the gloomy thunder-clouds
  Across the lurid sky;
We mingle with the busy crowds
  That madly hurry by;
We worship with a single mind,
  We love not, but adore;
We cry aloud to those behind,—
  "On, on, for evermore!"
We urge our coursers up the steep,
  And o'er the dewy plain;
We sigh because they cannot sweep
  Across the stormy main.
Our hate is strong, our love is long
  And binding as a holy vow;
Our joy is free; we cannot see
  The dagger 'neath the myrtle bough!

III.

We wake,—and to a mournful sound;
  The trees are turning brown,
The leaves are falling fast around,
  We hear them rustle down.
The halo of our life begins
  To wear a softer tone,
We gently speak of others' sins,
  Because we feel our own.
The sun is shining on the bay,
  But we must walk in gloom;
The miles upon our rocky way
  Are each marked with a tomb!
We gaze upon the landscape fair,
  But not in breathless glee;
We feel for spirit-fingers where
  The warm hands used to be.
The last red rose still gaily shows
  That once there bloomed a summer-time;
The breezes moan in dreary tone,
  That love has sought a lovelier clime.

IV.

The dark sea murmurs as it rolls
  To meet the darker sky,—

And to the twilight of our souls
  The twilight star is nigh.
But, though our journey may be long
  And lonely by the ocean,
We're guided by a distant song
  Of heavenly devotion:—
My spirit is so full of love,
  It has no room for fear;
I see the Lamb, I see the Dove,
  My Saviour, Thou art near!
I hear the rush of snowy wings,
  I breathe the fragrant air,
A starry harp, with golden strings,
  Is waiting for me there:
The way is steep, the grave is deep,
  But Thou art evermore with me,
I scorn its woe, for well I know
  The loveliness of loving Thee!

THE MEETING OF THE DEAD.

I.

THE dismal night-owl whoops
Where the heavy snow-cloud stoops
To shroud the flag that droops
O'er that tower on the Rhine,
And the hoary woods around
Re-echo to the sound,
As, whitening all the ground,
The ghostly moonbeams shine.

II.

The hunter on his track
Saw to-day the banner black;
His hounds he whistled back
And rode in haste another way:

The shepherd drove his sheep
Below the castle steep,
But he hurried by the keep
  In its funeral array.

III.

Why is the death-flag there?
A lady, young and fair,
Is resting from her care,
  And they know that she is dead:
A queen, once rich and great,
Is lying there in state,
And fifty soldiers wait
  Where she lays her royal head.

IV.

As silent as a tomb
Is that cold and sable room,
With naught to break the gloom
  But six tapers tall and white:
They throw a fitful glare
On the deathly features there,
Once fairest of the fair,
  'Mid the happy and the bright.

V.

The heavy doors are barred;
The captain and his guard
Are keeping watch and ward
  O'er that chamber of the dead:
For their orders are to stand,
Twenty-five on either hand,
As if waiting the command
  Of the gentle spirit fled.

VI.

The midnight bell is still,
The air is clear and chill;
Who gallops up the hill?
  Who rides so fast and late?
The horse's tramp they hear,
It is coming fast and near,
And the warder quakes for fear
  As he hastens to the gate.

VII.

"Who comes?" the warder said;
"Know ye not the queen is dead?"
But his heart was filled with dread,
  And his accents died away.

"Go, call the captain here,"
Said a gentle voice, and clear,
"I must see my friend so dear,
I have many words to say."

VIII.

The gates were soon unbarred;
The captain of the guard
Came across the castle-yard,
With his falchion in his hand:
But he found a lady there,
A stately lady fair,
With a gloomy face of care;
In the moonlight did she stand.

IX.

"I heard the queen was dead,"
Unmoved the lady said,
"And her loving spirit fled
Without taking leave of me;
I am Lady Guenevere,
Whom the queen once held so dear,
And I know my place is here,—
Let me pass, I beg of thee."

X.

He led her to the hold;
But her hand was damp and cold,
And the captain, once so bold,
  Now trembled like a leaf.
He led her up the stair;
But could hardly look, or dare
To watch that face of care,
  In its cold and stony grief.

XI.

They reached the chamber door;—
The Lady said, "No more;
I enter in before,
  Thou must tarry here outside:
But let no mortal eye
Dare to linger or to pry,
Whilst I am standing nigh
  What was once my love and pride."

XII.

He promised, and she went
To the inner room content;
But his spirit did repent
  When he left her with the queen.

He stayed a moment there,
And then, with noiseless care,
He softly followed where
  He saw a fearful scene.

XIII.

For, as the stately dame
Within the chamber came,
The tapers threw a flame
  Still more ghastly on the bed;
And the Lady, without fear,
To the sombre couch drew near,
Till she whispered in the ear
  Of the cold and silent dead.

XIV.

He trembled with surprise
As he saw the corpse arise,
And gaze, with wondering eyes,
  On the Lady Guenevere.
When the beauteous form awoke,
Long and earnestly they spoke;
But no sound the stillness broke,
  And their words he could not hear.

XV.

When at length a streak of grey
Announced the dawn of day,
The Lady came away
  From that dark and silent room;
The fair and royal dead
Had laid her pallid head
On the dark, funereal bed,
  As if ready for the tomb.

XVI.

The captain took her hand,
And led her through the band
Of men, who took their stand
  As the dead queen's body-guard:
Not a word the Lady said;
And the snow fell on her head,
As softly did they tread
  Through the frozen castle-yard.

XVII.

Her steed was waiting there,
With calm and haughty air;
She thanked him for his care,—
  Like a bird she flew away;

And the horse's breath, like flame,
In a cloud of vapour came,
As it bore the stately dame
  To the eastward, cold and grey.

XVIII.

In his early morn patrol
The captain hears a toll,
And they tell him that the soul
  Of Guenevere is fled;
She died that winter night,
In her father's palace bright:
Then he knew that awful sight
  Was the meeting of the Dead!

SORROW.

I.

THE boughs of the hawthorn were bright
with dew,
The hills were bathed in a roseate hue,
When one of the fairest of human kind
Ran by with the speed of the autumn wind.

II.

The daisies sprang from beneath his tread,
The sunbeams played on his joyous head,
And the birds rejoiced, in their accents wild,
To echo the mirth of that blue-eyed child!

III.

With the merriest laugh did he pass me by,
In chase of a gorgeous butterfly;
And, in spite of my heart, I could do no less
Than envy the cause of his thoughtlessness.

IV.

Two years had worn themselves away
When I passed through a green churchyard one
day,
And there did I see, but how changed! the boy
I had loved in his wild and thoughtless joy.

V.

I heard a faint and sorrowful moan;
I saw him kneel by a low tombstone,
And the radiant locks of his golden hair
But sheltered the tears that were falling there.

VI.

His grief was deep, for those silent tears
Were shed for the friend of his early years;
And I knew what those eloquent looks might mean,
For his sorrow was great as his love had been.

VII.

The first he had loved, and the first he had lost,
Like a blossom destroyed by the early frost,
Lay cold and dark in the grave below,
And he mourned for his playmate in lonely woe!

VIII.

And I thought, " O why should this gentle child,
This radiant being, so soft and mild,
Be doomed to sorrow in early years,
And darken his innocent eyes with tears?"

IX.

But my conscience replied: " Draw near and see,
And learn by the lesson I show to thee."
And I softly advanced to the lowly tomb
Where all I had deemed to be grief and gloom.

X.

Two angels were there with their wings of white;
They gazed on the child with a calm delight,—
They were Faith and Hope; he had won their love,
And they came from their beautiful haunts above!

XI.

When his heart was blithe as the opening day
No angels beamed on his joyous way;
But now, in his sorrow, they came to show
How the heavenly fountain of love can flow.

XII.

And I saw that the child was happier far,
For I knew that his life had a guiding-star,—
And I broke not his dream; but I went my way,
And prayed that I too might behold its ray!

MARY.

COME, dream no more, but chase away the gloom
That gathers on thy brow, and I will tell
A simple narrative of rural life,
Whilst thine eyes follow yonder setting sun.

It is the fresh, green, peaceful Lenten time;
The Parish Church lies low amongst the trees,
A grey old building, and the pathway leads
Through sunny fields of waving pasturage;
And on beyond the hilly churchyard stands

The ancient manor-house, half ruined now,
And used but for the Parish Sunday-school.
The race that founded it has passed away,
And in the Church two faded monuments
Proclaim its former grandeur and decay.
Pass we within the holy edifice;—
A glowing window o'er the altar shines,
The Shepherds' Adoration pictured there,
To teach the simple souls and loving hearts
How Christ was once revealèd to the poor.
But to my tale. One Sunday afternoon
A christ'ning party stood around the font;
Parents, and sponsors, friends, a hopeful train,
Waiting the words that soon would make them one
With the frail infant, sleeping peacefully,
Unconscious of its calling, as we sleep,
Regardless of our mission, and our hopes,
Whilst Heaven is loudly calling us to work.
Forward I bent to catch the low-breathed name,
And heard the sleeping infant christened Mary.
Onward they wend their now rejoicing steps,
Through the green fields to lowly cottage homes,
Bearing the new-made Christian in their arms;
Would they could bear it thus for evermore!

O sunbeams, birds, and flowers, why greet with joy
A being destined to a life of sorrow?

* * * *

It is the glory of the harvest-time;
The labourers rest and take their noonday meal;
The sun strikes hotly on the golden field:
Two youthful figures sit upon one sheaf,
Two loving faces gaze upon each other,
Two loving hands were claspèd tight together,
Two loving hearts were joined for evermore!
Oft, on her evening way to milk the cows,
Would Mary rest upon the churchyard stile,
Waiting for Will to carry home the pail;
Then would they speak of all their hopes and fears,
And woo a blessed future for themselves,
For they were to be married in the Spring,
Heedless of warning from their prudent friends;
Honest and true, they knew they loved each other,
And they were happy in each other's love.
Swiftly those few sweet moments glided by,
Till the last shadows, length'ning on the ground,
Warned them to take their solitary ways,
She to the farm, and he towards his home.

* * * *

It is the glory of the harvest-time;
The cottage still in peacefulness abides:
But one chair less is by the kitchen hearth,
And one more grave is in the cold churchyard.
The mother plies her spinning-wheel within,
The blooming children play around the door;—
Why are they gazing up and down the road?
There is no father coming home to-night.
But only once I heard the mother sigh
When little William took his father's staff,
And played child's antics with it on the ground.
" Put it away, my son," the widow said,
" It was thy father's once, and shall be thine."
And then the boy would nestle to her side,
And ask her questions of the former times;
What she had learnt within the Sunday-school,
And if she loved it too; and if she thought
He would be like his father, good and true.
Thus in sweet converse these would lose themselves,
Till the fair starlight warned them to desist,
And call the laughing innocents without
To end their games, and seek a needful rest;
But when she wandered in the harvest field,

Seeking her children's pittance and her own,
If on one sheaf a gentle pair she saw,
Taking their noonday meal, and speaking low
With tender words, and still more tender looks,
O then the pent-up agony of years
Would rouse the memories in Mary's breast,
And the bereavèd one would hasten home
To weep, as if her very heart would break!

It is the fresh, green, solemn Lenten time,
Palm-Sunday morning, and around the graves
Are scattered groups of pious peasantry,
Busy with hearts and hands among the dead.
Apart from all, beside a lowly tomb,
Is one lone woman, and before her lies
A basket full of cottage-garden flowers,—
Snowdrops, and China-roses, crocuses,
Sweet primroses, and showy daffodils;
Calmly she takes them, one by one, and lays
Their blooming heads upon the grassy grave,—
Like youthful hearts, too early nursed by grief,—
And places slips of gold and silver leaf
Between the fresh green leaves, and peeping buds,
And lays a pebble on each juicy stalk,

To save them being scattered by the wind.
Her task is o'er, and in a reverie
Of bygone years she sits until the bell
Summons them all within to morning prayer.
Is she unhappy? Aged, lone, and poor,
Her home is in the future, not the past:
And still for her the linnet's song is sweet,
And still for her the stars shine bright and clear,—
Like a peacemaker's eyes, so promising
Of better things to come,—and still for her
Sweet thoughts and holy joys grow out of sorrow,
Like pure white lilies from a saintly grave;
And a clear voice breathes through her inner life,—
"Lo, I am with you e'en unto the end!"

Thus, dreamer, have I laid before thy mind
A simple narrative of rural life;
It has no music, incident, or plot,
But happens all around, and every day:
And still, methinks, the noblest poesy
Is found within a faithful human heart!

DRESSING THE GRAVES.

I.

THE sun had gilded Skyrrid's height,
And sunk behind the sky,
When I, the eve of yesterday,
Was slowly passing by.

II.

I met some children on the road,
In careless, happy bands,
Sweet smiles upon their rosy cheeks,
Primroses in their hands.

III.

And then I met an aged dame,
Of aspect grave and calm;
A large grey cloak around her thrown,
A basket on her arm.

IV.

" I've toiled a long and weary way,
A weary way," she said;
" I've been once more to gaze upon
The places of the dead.

V.

" O glorious will be the graves
To-morrow everywhere;
At Llanvihangel and St. Maughans,
At Bryngwyn and Tregare.

VI.

" Llangattock's Churchyard will be gay,
And so will fair Penrose;
I would not that my husband's grave
Should be less bright than those."

VII.

And then I saw a little boy,
For daffodils he sought;
His hat upon the ground was filled
With flowers he had brought.

VIII.

"All these are for my sister's grave,"
He answered with good-will;
"She loved them well before she died,
Perhaps she loves them still."

IX.

O happy ones! your memories
Of love are never fled;
Your hearts, and minds, and busy hands
Employed among the dead.

X.

O happy ones! no cares are yours,
No dark and fearful hours;
For death but seems to rural eyes
A life among the flowers!

SONG.

I.

ANGEL keepsakes! gentle flowers,
Children of the skies,
Relics of the happy hours
Spent in Paradise;
Ye to fallen hearts were given
As a blessed token
That the bond 'twixt earth and Heaven
Never should be broken.
Sunbeams from the light above,
Blessing rose and heather,
Soul of Beauty—Heart of Love!
Dwell ye not together?

II.

Harmony of earth and sky,
Rustling summer shower;

Woodbirds singing as they fly,
Bells at Sabbath hour;
Music of the human heart,
Words of true thanksgiving;
Hopes that never can depart,
Love for all the living;
Beauty here, and light above,
Who can doubt or sever?
Soul of Music—Heart of Love!
Dwell ye not for ever?

AGE.

I.

BLOW softly, winds, upon the trembling boughs,
Nor shake the forest-glory down too fast;
Beneath its shade the meek-eyed cattle browse,
And hardly know the summer-time is past;

The thoughtless squirrels in the branches play,
Like life in death, and gladness in decay;—
  Blow softly, winds, upon the dying leaves,
  For winter comes, and winter soon bereaves;
Too soon, alas! too soon our loved ones pass away!

II.

Move softly, brothers, in the old man's home,
  Speak gently to the grey and honoured head;
Let no tumultuous, care-worn spirits roam
  Where angel-thoughts and angel-love should wed
Joy to the dying: for the soul is blest
That calmly tends the aged to his rest;—
  Blow softly, winds, upon the falling leaves,
  For winter comes, and winter soon bereaves;
Too soon, alas! too soon they lie on earth's cold
    breast!

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

THE gate is shut. Another year is gone,
And we are left upon a lonely hill,
With mem'ry of the duties left undone;
The weak intention, and the wayward will.

II.

O ye whose holy lives are sown with prayers,
As Heaven's resplendent canopy with stars,
Have pity on our wants, our woe, our cares,
And help our souls to burst their prison-bars!

III.

Though we, while penitential tear-drops flow,
Look back with longing to a holier day,
Like one who lies down amid ice and snow,
To dream of cowslips, and the first of May.

IV.

There yet is *One* who will not chide nor scoff;
But beckons us to homes of endless bliss:
Beholds each penitent a great way off,
And flies to meet him with a Father's kiss.

THE NEW GRAVE.

I.

ANOTHER is laid in the garden of death;
The prayers are said,
And over her head
The sheltering turf is gently laid:
The funeral bell
Has tolled, Farewell!
And now she is left alone,—
And the passers-by look down and say:—
"I wonder who was buried to-day!"

II.

Last even I passed by the open grave;
The stones were white
In the glowing light,

And the yew, like a mourner, watching alone,
With its awful gloom
Obscured the tomb
Next the sepulchre newly made,
But I saw it, I saw it, and said in sorrow:—
"I wonder who will be buried to-morrow!"

III.

And now it is over. She rests in peace.
And what was her life?
A torrent of strife?
Or a river of peace and a fountain of joy?
Or a journey of woe
None may guess or know
Save her who has suffered and died?
Full of passionate longings and desperate fears,
Of useless strivings and lonely tears!

IV.

Nobody knows;—but this I know,
That never more she,
Whoever she be,
Will wander about in the shady lanes;

Though the "Traveller's Joy,"
Like a playful boy,
May climb o'er the hedge as of old,
And the bright blue flowers peep out of the corn,
As they did long, long before *she* was born!

V.

We are all the same in the grave, my friend;
And, when you and I
In the darkness lie,
Waiting for Spring in the garden of death,
Not a soul will know
All the joy and woe
We have met in our mortal road;
But a stranger may look on the grave and say:—
"I wonder who was buried to-day!"

PRAYER BEFORE HOLY COMMUNION.

I.

SAVIOUR, I come! I seek
Life from the living well;
Guide of the poor and weak,
Ever within me dwell;
Open mine ears to hear,
Open mine eyes to see,
That I may lose all fear,
And only live in Thee!

II.

Give me the Bread Divine,
Changed to a part of Thee;
Give me the holy Wine,
To all Thy children free;
Give me a heart to know
How I may serve Thee best,
When to the world I go
From this sweet hour of rest.

III.

Now in Thy holy place,
With all Thy people here,
I seek Thy glorious face;
But another hour is near,—
When, in death's awful time,
I cannot go to Thee,
Light of the worlds sublime,
Do Thou then come to me!

THE CITY.

THE City's din oppresses me,—and yet
I would not fly where zephyrs bend
the grass,
Kissing the almond branches as they pass;
Nor in cool vales of loveliness forget
How the world draws her heavy golden net,
Toiling for ever sadly to amass
Treasures that have no worthiness, alas!
But leave the weary fishermen to fret;—

No! I would stand beside the roaring sea,
  Watching the lurid thunder-clouds along,
Greet the storm-angel as he hurries by,
  And join in ocean's deep-toned battle song.
My burning soul is panting to be nigh
Something severe, untameable, and free!

ANNIE.

I.

ANNIE! O Annie! where hast thou been?
  Thou art gazing with wondering eyes
At the thoughts of my soul, as they upwards roll;
But *thy* spirit hath learnt no sighs.

II.

The spirits are calling us far away,—
They call us at noon, in the twilight gray;
O come with me, Annie, far, far away,
I care not for them if thou art not there,
For I love dark eyes and raven hair!

III.

And I shall be dead before thy head
Can show one silver hair;
Thy feet may shed as on earth they tread
A light on this world of care:

IV.

But when I am lone, 'neath the dark tombstone,
O Annie! wilt thou be there?
When the dews are falling, the night-birds calling,
And plant me a lily fair,
And watch o'er my grave with a tender care?
For I love dark eyes and raven hair!

MISERERE.

I.

HOLY Jesus! turn and see
Sinners supplicating Thee
In their souls' Gethsemane,—
Miserere, Domine!

II.

Though the clouds of midnight lower,
Blessed Saviour, grant us power
Yet to watch with Thee one hour,—
Miserere, Domine!

III.

Loving Peter thrice denied,
Still with him didst Thou abide;
Leave not us to wander wide,—
Miserere, Domine!

IV.

Mount of Olives! though the morn
O'er thee breaks with happy dawn,
Mount of Prayer! thou art forlorn,—
Miserere, Domine!

V.

Garden of Gethsemane!
Never, never more will He
Pray beneath thine Olive-tree,—
Miserere, Domine!

VI.

He is taken, bound, betrayed,
In the scoffer's robe arrayed;
Pray, if thou hast never prayed,—
Miserere, Domine!

VII.

Pardon youth and pardon age,
Let not sinful passions rage,
O be with our pilgrimage,—
Miserere, Domine!

VIII.

"Sleep on now and take your rest;"
O Thou, Blessed of the Blest,
Watching with Thy soul is best,—
Miserere, Domine!

MARSTON MOOR.

I.

COME forth with me to Marston Moor
And see a glorious sight;
Fifty thousand men-at-arms
Are waiting for the fight!
A lull before a thunder-storm,—
No clash of swords is heard;
So calm, so breathless, all might hear
The singing of a bird.
The summer sun is still on high,
The summer air is sweet:
O warriors! soon the azure sky
May shine beneath your feet;
And, e'er the sun fades from the west,
How many here below
Will glory in eternal rest
Or sigh in endless woe!

II.

Fairfax and all his men I see,
  And Leven's Scotchmen too,
With Manchester and those who sacked
  Fair Lincoln's city true.
Cromwell's Invincibles are there
  In grave and dark array.
I hear no shouting in their lines,
  I hear no martial lay;
But forth the gloomy preachers go,
  With accents deep and stern,
And rouse each man to warlike deeds
  By words that seem to burn
The thirst of blood into his soul,
  As heated iron sears
A noble tree, a heart of oak,
  That else had bloomed for years.

III.

" Men of the deep and earnest soul!
  Men of the iron sword!
Reserved to show the heathen tribes
  The judgments of the Lord!

Strike as the blade of Gideon struck,
  And spare not one of those;
But cleanse our Israel from her sins,
  Our Zion from her foes!"
Thus spake the gloomy preachers then,
  As slowly up and down,
And through the serried ranks they go,
  Where anxious zealots frown,
And answer their inflaming words
  With battle-breathing Psalms.
But hark! the Cavaliers advance,
  And Rupert cries, "To arms!"

IV.

"Forward! ye gallant Cavaliers!
  Your steeds are bounding forth,
Victorious Rupert calls to arms
  The Knighthood of the North!
Remember how at Nottingham
  Ye raised the standard high,
And swore beside your gracious King
  To conquer or to die!
Remember noble Falkland's death
  On Newbury's sad day,

Caernarvon, Sunderland, and all
  Who perished in the fray.
Revenge! revenge! for martyred friends,
  And death to living foes;
The sun shall have a stormy eve,
  Though calmly he arose!

V.

"I charge you by your loyalty
  To England's ancient crown,
By churches sacked, by burning halls,
  By altars broken down;
I charge you by your ladies' love,
  And by your fathers' fame,
And by the mem'ry of the dead,
  And by your noble name;
By all your hopes of joy above,
  By all your wrongs below,
By all your glory yet to come,
  Take vengeance on the foe!
O would our gracious King were here
  To see his servants fight!
Forward! each loyal Cavalier!
  And Heaven defend the right!"

VI.

The trumpets sound, the banners wave
  In brilliant array;
The snorting horses paw the ground,
  As on a hunting-day;
The morions and the flashing swords
  Are glancing in the sun.
A shout,—a rush,—a headlong charge,—
  The battle is begun!
As silver-crested waves rise up
  To dash upon the shore,
As ringing hailstones rattle down
  When rushing tempests roar,
So charge the royal cavalry,
  So fall their heavy blows.
Hurrah! the bullets whistle by,—
  Death to the rebel foes!

VII.

On, Lucas, on! the rebels fly!
  Now, Rupert, to the chase!
It is a glorious hunting-day,
  A deadly battle race!
They thunder o'er the level turf,

They fly across the plain,
They clatter o'er the barren moor,
The bridles ring again.
See! Cromwell and his Ironsides
Are riding after too!
Turn, Cavaliers! for Lambert's troops
Have wildly broken through
The lines ye left; and Newcastle,
With all his gallant men,
Is fighting like a stag at bay,—
A royal "stag of ten."

VIII.

Now, Broughton! Dacres! Carnaby!
Ride to the rescue, ride!
Too late! the men of Newcastle
Are lying side by side;
Their leader fled, their bravest dead,
Their last faint hope is o'er,
And foot to foot, and hand to hand,
They fell on Marston Moor!
Back ride Prince Rupert and his men,—
Alas! to what a sight!
The ghastly dead in scattered heaps,

The living put to flight!
And firmly waiting, heavy lines
Of Roundhead Musqueteers;—
" Charge once again for Church and Crown,
King Charles's Cavaliers!"

IX.

In vain that rush upon the foe,
In vain the battle-shock,
They break upon those iron lines
Like waves upon a rock!
Back roll the horses and the men,
Their plumes are on the ground.
O men of York! your doom is sealed,
Your comrades fall around;
Die nobly, with your faces set
Towards your ancient town,
Where yonder old Cathedral towers
The distant ramparts crown.
O glorious fate! for England's King,
And England's Church to die;—
All honour to the brave who fell
That second of July!

X.

The roses blossom white and red
  On many a castle tower,
And many a maiden sighs alone
  In trellised garden bower.
She hears the distant cannonade;—
  O Lady! turn away,
And seek the bannered chapel-aisle,—
  It is a fearful day!
The Knight thou lovest lies beside
  His faithful, dying steed;
O pray that e'er the sun goes down
  His spirit may be freed!
For Rupert's Cavaliers are gone,
  And England's hope is o'er;—
Thy love will die a soldier's death
  To-night on Marston Moor!

THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

1648.

I.

A GLOOM is over Colchester,
Her citizens are dumb,
They pace the streets with haggard looks,
Their strength is overcome;
They gaze into each other's eyes,
And ask if help is near,
They mutely ask and vainly hope,
Too sad are they for fear.
Eleven weeks of bitter want,
Eleven weeks of woe,
Have broken many a tender heart,
And brought the bravest low.
The Church-bells ring for morning prayer,
They cannot crawl as far,
But, sword in hand and helm on head,
They kneel down where they are,

And beg for present hope and strength,
  And mercy for the past:—
" O Merciful! If mercy live—
  How long is this to last?"

II.

Norwich and Capel still are firm,
  And Lisle is fast and true,
And Lucas has a noble heart.
  These strong and faithful few
Go forth amongst the citizens,
  And challenge them to show
What loyal subjects still can do
  Against a rebel foe.
" Up, soldiers, up! and welcome death
  With calm and cheerful tone,
If all the danger, too, be ours,
  The glory is our own.
Would ye not rather die a-field,
  Your standard waving high,
Than stay within these sullen walls
  And hear the famine-cry?
Up, soldiers, up! and sally forth;
  The rebels soon shall see

King Charles will have his own again,
  And Colchester be free!"

III.

No cheering followed Capel's words,
  No gallant battle-cry;
Death or dishonour must they choose,
  And yet they will not die.
A hoary sergeant spoke aloud,
  And leant upon his sword:—
"Thy words are like a trumpet call,
  Thy heart is steel, my Lord;
But look upon these famished souls,
  Partakers of our woe,
And look upon the stalwart lines
  Of rebel troops below.
This trusty sword was once too light,
  I cannot lift it now;
And look upon this trembling hand.
  Lord Capel, tell me how
Our weakened forms can stand a shock
  On yonder battle-field;
We have no strength to suffer more,
  Then, brothers, let us yield!"

IV.

" Then, brothers, let us yield!" the cry
  Was echoed far and fast;
In vain the trumpets called to arms,
  In vain the stirring blast.
Lisle, Lucas, Norwich, strove in vain
  To stop their mad career,
In vain their chieftain raised his voice,
  They would not stay to hear.
" Off to the city gates!" they cried,
  " Down to the Roundheads go—
Are they not Englishmen like us?
  They love us still, we know!"
" Remember Charles!" brave Norwich cries;
  " Remember honour too!"
" Remember all we have endured,
  And more we will not do!"
He dashed his sword upon the ground,
  He looked them in the face:—
" Make traitor terms, unbar the gates,
  Then die of your disgrace!"

V.

The City fell. The rebels march
  In triumph through the streets;

The standard of the King is down,
  The drum no longer beats.
Woe to the brave who love King Charles,
  Woe to the good and true,
Woe to the soldiers of the crown,
  To all who wear the blue!
Fairfax and Ireton lead the way;
  Their gloomy looks portend
To some a lifelong prison-home,
  To some a fearful end.
Oh Cavaliers! ye gallant souls,
  How could ye e'er suppose
Mercy would dwell within the hearts
  Of fanatics like those!
The sun is sinking o'er the town,
  The day is going by,—
Lucas and Lisle, the bravest there,
  Are hurried forth to die!

VI.

Beneath the castle walls they stand,
  That firm and dauntless pair,
A peace within their loyal hearts
  Far deeper than despair!

A file of Roundhead Musqueteers
  Are waiting for the word,
When Capel hurries forth and cries,—
  " Fairfax! I *will* be heard!
Have *I* not fought for Church and King?
  Then, soldiers, tell me why
Ye slay not me and Norwich too,
  If Lisle and Lucas die?
Have *we* not fought as well as they?
  Have *we* not suffered too?
Have *we* not done and dared as much
  As *their* brave hearts could do?
Then let us die as we have lived,
  A true and faithful band,
For life is nothing more to me
  In this dishonoured land!"

VII.

In vain his words; but Lucas speaks
  In calm and measured tone,—
" My brother! side by side we fought,
  And we must die alone.
I little thought in days of yore,
  When I was but a child,

To see those virtues trampled down
  On which all good men smiled;
But this is England's trial day,
  A strange and fearful time,
And loyalty is treason now,
  And faithfulness a crime.
Farewell! my brother Cavaliers!
  I glory in my death,—
God save King Charles, and England too!
  Shall be my latest breath."
" Fire!"—the time of grace is past,
  The word of doom is given,—
A lifeless corse is on the ground,
  A martyr's soul in Heaven!

VIII.

In silence Lisle embraced his friend,
  As on the ground he lay,
Then looked upon the rebel troops,
  Then slowly turned away.
" Aim true!" he cried. They answered him,
  " We'll hit you, never fear."
" I've known you miss me," shouted he,
  " When many a time more near!"

A gleam of joy lit up his eyes,
  Bright memories of yore,
The battle-song, the royal words,
  All, all came back once more;
No gloom was on his noble face,
  He smiled on friend and foe;
He knew that one he loved was gone
  Where he, too, longed to go.
He looked on high, he gave the word,
  The bullets pierced his head,
And ere the smoke had passed away
  He fell by Lucas—dead!

RETORT COURTEOUS.

I.

YOU say that woman is worse than man,
  But this I don't believe,
For Adam, remember, ate the fruit,
Though he laid the blame on Eve.

II.

The apple of discord then was thrown
In the midst of the human race,
And ever since that our sex has been
In the depths of sad disgrace.

III.

In this a moral I plainly see;
Take warning, ladies fair,
And, whatever you get, be very sure
Not to give any man a share.

IV.

Not clever enough to supply themselves,
They are greedy enough, 'tis true;
So, be sure, if they can *they* will eat the fruit,
And then lay the blame on *you !*

THE SENTINEL.

I.

THE lights are twinkling in the town,
And, slowly pacing up and down,
A figure, clad in dusky green,
Upon the bastion height is seen;
It is the wakeful sentinel,—
"All's well! all's well!"

II.

O noble guardian of our rest,
Five medals shine upon thy breast,
Yet in thy calm and rugged face
Dwells something of a gentle grace;—
March up and down, O Sentinel!
"All's well! all's well!"

III.

One moment charging 'mid the roar
Of guns upon a foreign shore;

Another, only armed to keep
Guard while the peaceful burghers sleep,—
To thee, O faithful Sentinel,
"All's well! all's well!"

IV.

To Nova Scotia's frost and cold,
To India's burning sands of gold,
Thy duty calls thee?—Blazing sun
And icy cold to thee are one,
For to the faithful sentinel
"All's well! all's well!"

V.

Soul! deeply hurt and sorely tried,
Casting all little thoughts aside,
Advancing to the bugle's call,
Or calmly watching on the wall,
Say, like the faithful sentinel,
"All's well! all's well!"

THE ROCK OF HOREB.

I.

FOR countless years a lonely rock
Had frowned above the desert sand,
Before the Leader and his flock
Passed through the solitary land.

II.

When near it suff'ring Hebrews trod,
Of hope, of life almost bereft,
Then, smitten by the hand of God,
Sweet waters poured from ev'ry cleft.

III.

I saw a lonely spirit stand,
Enshadowed by its hopes and fears,
I saw God lift His holy hand,
And smite its coldness into tears.

IV.

Weep on, sad Heart, and let them flow,
Mourn on, for sweetest waters pour,
And thirsty souls shall bless thee now
Who never could have blessed before.

THE CLOUDS.

I.

WHY art thou gazing there
With such a mute despair?
The heavy clouds are flying far away
To yon faint streak of silver-shining gray;—
Why watch the distant west?
Canst thou not go to rest?

II.

"Look on the happy earth—
It is so full of mirth;

Though Autumn tints are stealing o'er it sadly,
The Autumn flowers still smile upon it gladly;
Joy hath not yet departed,—
Why look so broken-hearted?"

III.

"I cannot look below,
My heart is full of woe;
The clouds are flying far and far away,
My spirit seems to follow them all day;
Behold the reason why
I love to watch the sky.

IV.

"The flowers may bloom and wither,
The trees may live together,
Then die apart in sadness and despair,
But I am here alone with all my care;—
The clouds fly fast and free,
And I with them would be

V.

"Leagues upward! far away!
Where unknown meteors play;

One spot alone of earth is dear to me,
A lonely grave beneath a willow-tree,
And all the world beside
Is but a desert wide.

VI.

"The clouds are sailing on,
Soon, soon will they be gone,—
But more will come, and I shall watch them still.
Oh happy, happy clouds! ye fear no ill;—
When will my spirit sail,
Like yours, upon the gale?"

VII.

"Cheer up! the time is short,
God's grace within thee wrought
That thou shouldst find His own dear loveliness
Worth more than all a lifetime of distress;—
A few more lonely years
Need not so many tears.

VIII.

"Weep for the spirits bound
So closely to the ground,

That they can never feel as thou dost now,
But spend their time in vainly striving how
They may pass softly by,
Forgotten of the sky!

IX.

"Better to lose all earth,
To bid farewell to mirth,
To watch alone when our beloved ones die,
Than lose the bliss of gazing on the sky,
And thinking of that Heaven
Where all will be forgiven!"

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I.

SWEETEST of friends, abiding
So near my erring soul,
Dearest of teachers, guiding
Where living waters roll,

I cannot see thee, but I feel thee near;
Thy gentle voice is sounding in mine ear:
Sent from above,
By God's own love,
To guard mine anxious heart from danger and from fear!

II.

When night is closing round,
And men and birds and flowers
Are hushed to ev'ry sound,
In stilly, darkened hours,
(Save those who pray, or those who wake to weep,)
I hear thee, Angel, whisp'ring happy sleep
To close mine eyes,
And till I rise
Thy loving cares, I know, away all terrors keep!

III.

In the beauty of the morn,
When Heaven hath gently wept
O'er the dying trees at dawn,
Who all night long have kept
A watch o'er their own paleness;—when a bright
And feathery cloud comes sailing to the light,

It seems to me
A part of thee,
A vision of thy wings, but not so fair and white!

IV.

When those I love are speaking
Of hope and holy joy,
Or with their voices seeking
A heavenly employ;
Whenever in my pilgrimage I hear
A word of love from comrades true and dear,
It seems to me
A part of thee,
An echo of thy voice, but not so sweet and clear!

V.

A star is shining o'er thee,
'Tis all that I can see,
It throws a light before thee,
A little ray on me;
The moon may fade away,—the sun may cease
To give his glorious beams, but *thine* increase.
What is thy light,
O Angel bright,—
The deep red star of sorrow? The golden star of peace?

VI.

I care not—lead me ever;
I know, whiche'er it be,
The heavenly light will never
Be very far from me;
For thou hast lit the star I call thine own
At yon bright rainbow o'er the eternal throne:
And all from there,
Which earth calls care,
Is known by souls redeemed as love and joy alone!

DISENCHANTMENT.

I.

THOU who hast formed with equal care
Each high, each lowly thing,
From blue-eyed speedwell on the bank
To Saturn's silver ring,
Thou wilt not leave me when I pray,
Nor scorn me when I sing.

II.

My soul is often out of tune,
  And oftener still in pain,
I try to raise a song of praise,
  But hear a mournful strain;
And then it passes like the wind,
  And then it comes again.

III.

In former days I seemed so near
  The vision prophets told,—
The mercy-seat, the flood of light,
  The cherubim of gold;
And then I laid me down and wept,
  And wished that I were old.

IV.

Were old—that I might sooner sail
  Across the awful sea,
And rest in Thine eternal rest;—
  I thought so much of Thee,
I did not think of all the sin
  Thine eyes would find in me!

V.

But now I feel each spirit must
  Be taught and purified,
Till heavenly things have grown awhile,
  And earthly things have died,
Ere in eternal joy it may
  For evermore abide.

VI.

If only I prepare my heart
  To do Thy blessed will,
With the reflection of Thy love
  My pensive spirit fill,
As azure skies are clearly seen
  In waters calm and still;

VII.

Then will I never more regret
  The dreams of olden days,
But follow bravely through the wood
  One gleam of holy rays,
Quite certain to be led at last
  In wisdom's golden ways.

NEW-MOWN HAY.

I.

WALKING through the dusty lanes,
On a sultry day in June,
Where no sweet refreshing rains
Wash the weary feet of noon;
I have longed in vain for rest,
Almost fainted on the way,
Till my parching soul was blest
With the breath of new-mown hay.

II.

Where the creeping cinquefoil shows
Silver leaves and golden flowers,
Where the beetle comes and goes,
Booming through the sunny hours;
There I lean upon the gate,
And forget the sultry day,
Be it early—be it late,
'Mid the breath of new-mown hay.

III.

Sweet reminder of delight,
  Childish, too, but full of glee,
Odours sweet of blossoms bright
  Never are so sweet to me;
Be the world awhile forgot,
  Young, and old, and grave, and gay,
Poor and wealthy—do ye not
  Love the breath of new-mown hay?

IV.

Then from earthly toil and glare
  Come and hide a little while,
Shadows are refreshing where
  Hope and Faith in beauty smile;
When from worldly ways apart,
  Silently we think and pray,
Something comes across the heart
  Like the breath of new-mown hay.

EDITH.

I.

FAIR Lily of the valley! plucked too soon;
Too soon, alas! for us, but not for thee;
A lovely morning makes a lovely noon:
We little thought *thy* noon would never be.

II.

As the departing sunbeams when they go
Leave a soft radiance o'er the evening skies,
So doth thy gentle memory calmly glow
On the horizon of our tearful eyes.

III.

Oh, could we hear thy voice among the blest,
A glorious tale of suffering thou couldst tell,
Of painful nights without a moment's rest,
Of languid days borne patiently and well!

IV.

Launched on the sea of sorrow, deep and wild,
With the death-angel darkly hovering nigh,
Our hearts shall never fail, for thou, sweet child,
Hast shown us how to suffer and to die!

"BURY ME NOT."

I.

BURY me not in a vaulted cave,
Where the playful sunbeams dare not peep!
Bury me not in a stately grave,
For there in peace I could never sleep!

II.

Bury me under the fresh cool grass,
With a white cross close at my slumb'ring head,
Where the bees may hum as they gaily pass,
And the birds sing over the peaceful dead.

III.

Honour me not with a marble tomb,
  Or kindly record of words and deeds;
On a wooden cross there is surely room
  For all an immortal spirit needs.

IV.

A word of comfort, a word of trust,
  A simple date and a simple name;
The corse that is mouldering into dust
  Has nothing to do with praise or blame.

V.

Bury me not with the sons of pride,
  Who rest by themselves in lordly state,
Whose graves are carefully railed aside
  From all who have been neither rich nor great!

VI.

Bury me rather among the poor
  Who have daily suffered and nightly prayed;
They stand the nearest to God's own door,
  And with them only would I be laid!

ELLA.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

THIS tradition is told of a rock, called the shoemaker's rock, on the Torrisdals Elv, near Christiansand; but I believe the legend is common to other parts of Norway.

I.

WHO sits on the rock hanging over the river?
Her yellow hair streams like a banner afar;
She looks on the waters for ever and ever,
And cries in her grief to the bright northern star:—
"Oh Eric! beloved one, awake from thy sleeping!
The river is cold, and thine Ella is weeping!"

II.

Ella was fair as the rose-coloured snow
When o'er it the sun's early messengers shine,
But cold as the river that rushes below,
And proud as the loftiest forest of pine.
"Oh Eric! beloved one, awake," &c.

III.

Many loved Ella, but Ella loved one,—
Though true-hearted Eric besought her in vain;
His smile was to her as the light of the sun,
And yet she would never return it again.
"Oh Eric! beloved one, awake," &c.

IV.

At last she arose and exclaimed in her scorn:
"There are many who love me, and him will I choose
Who shall perch on that rock in the grey of the morn,
And make, without falling, my new wedding-shoes!"
"Oh Eric! beloved one, awake," &c.

V.

Brave Eric alone, in his constancy, cried:—
"With *me* be thy challenge, proud Ella, and know
That if I should fall thou shalt still be my bride,
For my spirit will come from the torrent below."
"Oh Eric! beloved one, awake," &c.

VI.

Up, Eric! soon, soon will the trial be past;
He is perched on the rocky precipitous edge:

Strong arm, steady eye, ye will conquer at last;—
He is working away on the mountainous ledge!
"Oh Eric! beloved one, awake," &c.

VII.

His needle has fallen,—how can he look o'er?
He clings to the rock, but he swings to and fro;—
He is down where the waves of the cataract roar,
Down, down in the torrent that dashes below!
"Oh Eric! beloved one, awake," &c.

VIII.

And Ella, poor Ella, still watches the stream,
Her spirit still wanders to look for its love;
And the fishermen shudder to hear her wild scream,
As she waves her white hand on the rocks far above!
"Oh Eric! beloved one, awake from thy sleeping!
The river is cold, and thine Ella is weeping!"

THE CONVERSION OF ALDERNEY.

I.

A BLOODRED sail is on the main,
A light is on the sea,
A glorious light that cannot wane
Till all the oppressed go free.
The sea-birds scream and wheel around
That vessel stanch and true;
They cannot drown the holy sound
That cheers her gallant crew.

II.

Her gallant crew! and who are they?
Three pale and patient men,
Who watch and pray from morning grey
Till moonlight comes again.
In all they feel, in all they know,
With heart and soul agree;
And thus they go to meet their foe
Across the stormy sea.

III.

A bright-haired boy, the earthly joy
  Of spirits stern and brave,
Stands on the prow, I see him now,
  With aspect calm and grave;
With flashing eye he lifts on high
  The standard of the Lord,
A Cross of white and dazzling light,
  A silver banner broad!

IV.

And, as they watch the morning light,
  Strange thoughts their spirits fill,
Their eyes are fixed on yon blue height,
  Yon barren distant hill;
They swiftly glide along the tide,
  And speak of news so blest;
It makes the sad for ever glad,
  And gives the weary rest!

V.

Vignalis steered the little bark,
  That holy man of God,

And, as they neared the island dark
  No Christian ever trod,
His eyes of lightning turned toward
  The youngest of his crew;—
" Oh standard-bearer of the Lord
  Is not our mission true?

VI.

" Thine eye is brave—thine aspect grave
  Speaks well of inner might;
Thy hopeful smile, a little while,
  Rejoiced us with its light;
But, brother, now thy youthful brow
  Is sad and full of care,—
What can have made that gloomy shade,
  That semblance of despair?"

VII.

The boy replied:—" I have been tried
  By visions dark and dreary,
I am not here oppressed with fear,
  Nor of our mission weary;
But hear me well and I will tell
  A tale they told to me,

Before our bark had sailed from Sark,
  To tempt the stormy sea."

VIII.

He knew no fear—his cheek was pale
  With earnest deep devotion;
And thus he told his stirring tale,
  A dark tale of the ocean;
And as he spoke the billows broke
  Around the vessel loudly,
She tossed her head and onward sped
  To stem the waves more proudly:—

IX.

"Dark was the sad November night,
  And cruel was the sea,
That dashed itself with savage might
  Round rocky Alderney;
A vessel fair was sailing there
  With gold and silver laden,
And many a knight with jewels bright,
  And many a lovely maiden.

X.

"On yonder rock, with awful shock,
That gallant vessel parted;—
Hark to the high despairing cry
From all the broken-hearted!
Loud thrills it through the dreary night,
And o'er the billows dashing,
Far, far around is heard the sound
Of timbers wildly crashing!

XI.

"Of island fishing-boats a fleet
Is hastening to the scene,
And savage eyes survey the prize,
The wreck of what has been;
And savage souls are left alone
To battle with temptation,—
They never heard the Holy Word,
The tidings of salvation!

XII.

"And now they seize the jewels bright
Of ev'ry lovely maiden,

And pillage, by the moon's pale light,
  That vessel richly laden.
They row their captives to the shore,
  Oh Heavens! they landed none,
For, where the cruel breakers roar,
  They drowned them one by one!

XIII.

"One little child escaped ashore,
  And in his terror fled
Far from the waves that glittered o'er
  His comrades lying dead.
The bloodhounds trace his hiding-place
  With fierce relentless eyes,
In vain his face implores their grace,
  In vain his piercing cries.

XIV.

"Deep in the island, stern and wild,
  They dug a little grave,
And in it placed the little child
  No hand was there to save;
They heaped the sand upon his head,
  The stones upon his feet;

His mother dear no more shall hear
  Those accents once so sweet!

XV.

"And to this day, the fishers say,
  His fearful cries are heard
Across the sea, like distant notes
  Of some wild ocean bird;
And when they hear these accents near
  The boldest dare not linger,
But make the sign of love divine,
  With quick and trembling finger!

XVI.

"And if my brow be clouded now,
  Oh brother, canst thou wonder?
I do not dread the storm o'erhead,—
  But hear the distant thunder!
A Christian knows his savage foes,
  And feels, with deep emotion,
That what *has* been may yet be seen
  Again upon the ocean!"

XVII.

Vignalis pointed to the sun,
  And cried, in ringing tones:—
" Look at the bright unfailing One
  Whose rule all nature owns;
Though we may shun the blessed light,
  For ever will it shine,
And thus will Truth become more bright,
  The Gospel more divine!

XVIII.

" And, if we fall, our God will raise
  Men stronger, firmer far,
To gain the island to His praise,
  And hail the morning star;
And, if we fall, our cry shall be,—
  ' Thy mercies we have known,
Our lives, our souls, we render Thee,
  We give Thee of Thine own!' "

XIX.

They sailed into the island bay,
  The light was growing dim,

And as they watched the closing day
  They raised a holy hymn;
And, as they sang, the island horde
  Drew near the little craft;
They saw the standard of the Lord,
  And crowded fore and aft.

XX.

Vignalis and his mission band,
  Still chanting on their way,
Stepped boldly up the rocky strand
  That bound the little bay;
And looking on the savage crowd,
  First prayed a silent prayer,
Then told, in accents deep and loud,
  The love that sent them there.

XXI.

And as he spoke stern faces bowed
  Upon the rugged shore,
And quivering voices wept aloud,
  That ne'er had wept before;
And bloodstained hands were raised in prayer,
  By mercy long disowned,

And breaking hearts were sighing where
The murdered once had moaned!

XXII.

Preach on, oh servant of the Lord,
The tidings of Salvation!
Bow down, oh wild barbarian horde,
In lowly adoration!
Flow on, oh shining silver stream
Of bright regeneration,
And lighten with Thy blessed beam
Dark nation after nation!

INSCRIPTION FOR A LYCH GATE OR A CHURCH PORCH.

I.

O LIVING Congregation! while ye stand
Above the congregation passed away,
Ye deem yourselves a bright and happy band,
And all the others—"They are dead," ye say.

II.

Behold the grassy sepulchres without!
Behold the monumental stones within!
How many of your hearts are cold in doubt?
How many of your souls are dead in sin?

HOME.

I.

THE cuckoo is sounding his cheery call,
The hawthorn is white as snow,
Warm tears from the heavens begin to fall,
But they bring not a thought of woe;
For the light of the sun doth swiftly run,
And kisseth them all away,
Lest the weight of the showers should dim the flowers,
And sadden their youthful day.

II.

I stand at the gate of "the court of peace,"
And look on the graves within,—

How calm it will be when our souls may cease
To watch against care and sin!
But I never would ask for mine earthly task
A shorter, an easier time;
I rejoice on my way, for I feel to-day
That the rest will be sublime!

III.

I must leave thee, home of my happiest days!
But I go without repining;
For wherever the sun in his brightness plays,
Wherever the moon is shining,
Wherever the wind in his sport may find
Earth's flowers or ocean's foam,
Wherever is heard the song of a bird,
There, there, I can find my home!

IV.

I must leave thee, home of my peaceful days!
But I go without lamenting;
For wherever I hear a hymn of praise,
Or the voice of a soul repenting,
Wherever the calm of a holy psalm
Ascends from a Christian dome,

Wherever a prayer can be claimed by care,
  There—there, I can find my home!

V.

All over the world there are souls to love,
  And wonderful works to know;
All over the world, from His throne above,
  Our Father looks down below.
We are never alone, and the earnest tone
  Of a wanderer's faithful prayer
Travels on before to the heavenly shore,
  And wins him a welcome there!

BRYNHILDA'S TOWER.

I.

THE black flag of Odin is flying to-day,
  The sons of the tempest are sailing
    away;
The galleys are ready. Hurrah for the breeze
That bears to the westward the kings of the seas!

II.

New honours, new glories, new riches await
The child of dark Odin, the favoured of fate;
The sails of his bark have been loosed for an hour;—
Why lingers brave Harold in yonder grey tower?

III.

He is leaving Brynhilda—he bids her farewell,—
A moment the tears on his eyelids may dwell;
But he dashes them off with his gauntlet of mail,
And his last words are borne on the wings of the
gale.

IV.

"Brynhilda, my fair one! my loved one! mine
own!
The Raven is calling! I leave thee alone!
But thy name shall resound where my battle-axe
gleams,
Thine image bring glory and joy to my dreams!

V.

"I will bring thee bright jewels and gold from the
west,
I will slay to thine honour the bravest and best,

And the chiefs of the islands shall quake when they
hear
That Harold, the loved of Brynhilda, is near!

VI.

"But look for me, dear one, at midnight's dark
hour,
And keep the red light in the storm-shaken tower,
I shall watch it for miles on the fathomless sea,
And glory in owing my safety to thee!"

VII.

She promised. They parted. Off, off to the west,
The white sails are heaving on ocean's dark
breast!
The mountains of Norway are stormy and cold;
But the green hills of Britain are fair to behold.

VIII.

Three years did Brynhilda watch over the light,
Three years did she guard the grey tower at night,
Three years did she think of her love as it shone;—
He comes not,—he sends not,—O, where is he
gone?

IX.

A galley from Iceland steers under the shore,—
Brynhilda looks forth, but she gazes no more;
It is Snorro the Bard coming back to the land,—
He saw her, he loved her, he prays for her hand!

X.

Oh, sweetly did Snorro sing under the tower:—
"Brynhilda, beloved one! Thrice blest be the hour
That brings me so near thee, O queen of the sea,
Look forth from thy castle and listen to me!

XI.

"I have been to the north; I have sung to the
King,
He gave me a tunic, a sword, and a ring;
His gifts were most precious, but dearer to me
A word, or a look, or a signal from thee!

XII.

"I will sing to thee songs of heroic old days,
I will gladden thy lifetime with music and praise;
Let me in, let me in, to thy storm-shaken tower,
Brynhilda, beloved one! thrice blest be the hour!"

XIII.

Did she wave her white hand? Did she hear?
Did she speak?
O pride, thou art mighty! O love, thou art weak!
The red light of Harold has lost its fair guard,
Brynhilda is feasting with Snorro the Bard!

XIV.

The ship labours on through the mist and the foam;
The pirates come back to their wild rocky home:
Brave Harold is there looking out for the light;—
But he gazes in vain through the blackness of
night!

XV.

In the hall of Brynhilda the feasting was high,
The terrible hour of midnight drew nigh;
The heavy doors rattled and groaned in the gale,
And gloomily pattered the rain and the hail.

XVI.

"Pile higher the pine-logs, and call for more wine;
Thy singing, O Snorro, is almost divine,—
Pile higher the pine-logs, and merry we'll be;
Heaven help the poor mariners far on the sea!"

XVII.

Who glides through the hall with inaudible tread?
Who speaks in a voice that might waken the dead?
"Heaven help the poor mariners far on the sea!
Brynhilda! Brynhilda! come down there with
me!"

XVIII.

She followed in terror that shadowless form,
She followed it on through the pitiless storm;
It led through the fog to a wreck on the shore,—
She followed—she followed—she saw it no more.

XIX.

He lay on the beach with his face to the sky,
His arms wildly stretched to the tower on high;
But his eyes never more will look out for the light,
Nor his whistle be heard in the dead of the night.

XX.

There is darkness below thee, and darkness above;
But light enough round thee to look for thy love,—
Brynhilda! Brynhilda! Thy Harold is there,
Look down on the murdered and die of despair!

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I.

THE flowers rejoice in the golden morn,
The hills in the mist are hazy;
There is frost on the boughs of the wak'ning thorn,
And dew on the mountain daisy;
The rivulet murmurs a sweet low song
To the birds that are resting near it,—
Let us look in its face as it glides along,
And stand on the bridge to hear it.

II.

'Tis coming! 'tis coming! I hear it now!—
The beautiful Spring is waking.
There is Faith in the music above the bough,
And Hope where the dawn is breaking;

There is love in the messages whispered down
  That the western breeze discloses,
And earth is so merry her thorny crown
  Will be changed to a wreath of roses!

III.

The shepherd is calling his faithful dog,
  As he crosses the churchyard gaily,
And whistles away in the morning fog
  The tune that he whistles daily;
He bounds o'er the head of the resting dead,
  And many a shout he's giving;—
'Tis easy to see by his careless glee
  That all whom *he* loves are living.

IV.

The mother has opened her cottage door,
  And sings, as she passes lightly,
The child that is resting upon the floor,
  Where the sunbeams shine so brightly.
O child! art thou dreaming the angels sing
  Their melodies o'er thee sleeping?
Such songs to thine ears may they always bring,
  And never behold thee weeping!

V.

Who is stealing this way to the wishing-well
With her grandmother's pitcher laden?
You may ask for her wish, but she will not tell,
O silent and wary maiden!
She places a pin in the old stone wall,
And three times around she's gliding.
Up maiden! away, or I'll tell thee all
That thy spirit delights in hiding!

VI.

The old man is come to the winding brook,
He looks on its waters sadly.
The reason I asked; but his accents shook,
And he answered: "They murmur gladly,
But I cannot rejoice; for a lay we've read
With a friend in the days of laughter
Is cold and silent, and dark and dead,
When we read it alone long after!"

VII.

O Life! O Pleasure! O days of Spring!
I know that your joys are fleeting;
I know that the lark cannot always sing,
And the heart that is gaily beating

Must lie in the dark where the cypress glooms;
  But I never shall lose your fire,
For the clouds are sailing above the tombs,
  And my spirit shall mount still higher!

PAST AND FUTURE.

I.

THE dreams of youth fade silently away,
  And leave no sound of music in our ears;
Gone is the chequered glory of that day,
  Its anxious hopes, its pleasurable fears.
So think we. Suddenly a change appears;
  Far grander, fairer, holier prospects rise
To chase away our half-rebellious tears,
  And with new life, new gladness, charm our eyes.

II.

So the poor Sailor, far away from home,
  Sighs when he sees no more Orion's belt,

Nor Vega pointing from the starry dome
  To that fair country where his childhood dwelt.
On, Mariner! with faith and courage steer,
  Nor weakly weep irreparable loss;
Before thee lies another hemisphere,
  Above thee calmly glows the Southern Cross.

AMBITION.

I.

NO earthly feast can satisfy
  This longing, earnest heart of mine;
For evermore it looks on high
  For sacramental bread and wine.

II.

No jewel's sparkling light can snare
  Mine anxious gaze a second time,
For I have made it all my care
  To find the snowy Pearl sublime.

III.

No flow'r can match in perfect bliss
  (Though sweetest flowers their perfume yield)
The Rose of Sharon, and for this
  I search the valley and the field.

IV.

With eloquence of word or pen
  My burning thoughts are never shod;
For other men would speak to men,
  But I would humbly speak to God.

V.

No honour in the world is worth
  A thought, were ev'ry honour given;
He scorns the highest place on earth
  Who seeks the lowest place in Heaven!

TRUE GLORY.

I.

FOR thirty painful years,
Thou, Lord of life and light,
Thou, King of all the heavenly spheres,
Didst hide Thy glorious might.

II.

Statesmen and poets then
Made ancient Rome sublime;
Her arts, her commerce, and her men
Embellished every clime.

III.

Whilst Thou, whose word alone
Made all this glorious scene,
Didst dwell, contented and unknown,
A lowly Nazarene.

IV.

"Saviour of men" Thy name,
From first to latest breath
Thine only glory—bitter shame;
Thine only payment—death!

V.

Shall we then strive to reign
Where all things pass away?
And murmur if we cannot gain
The laurel and the bay?

VI.

No! rather let us toil
Alone where Thou didst tread,
With no kind friend to pour the oil
Of gladness on Thy head.

VII.

No! rather let us share
The ignominious tree;
Too blest if we may only wear
The crown of thorns with Thee!

TRUE PLEASURE.

I.

WHILST Mammon's frail and glittering
toys
Are purchased doubly dear,
How lovely are the simple joys
God sends His children here!

II.

To walk upon the woody height,
And meditate a song
That fills the heart with warmth and light,
And cheers it all day long.

III.

To hold communion with the just,
The great of olden days,
Whose bones are crumbled into dust,
Whose souls are singing praise.

IV.

To see the world our Father wrought
With unexampled art,
To find in every plant a thought
Of that great Father's heart.

V.

To commune with the Heav'nly Powers,
To listen for the Dove,
To bless a wintry path with flowers,
A weary soul with love.

VI.

These are the holiest joys; and they
Who use their blessings right
Shall find new pleasures every day,
And sweet thoughts every night.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

I.

THE sails are furled;
So bright a Sabbath we are keeping,
I fain would fancy all the world
Had never heard the sound of weeping.

II.

The sun has left his throne on high,
And sinks upon his purple pillow,
And not a cloud disturbs the sky,
And not a breath awakes the billow.

III.

The woodland, with its garland green,
Hangs smiling o'er the dark blue waters;
And on the shingly beach is seen
A group of happy sons and daughters;

IV.

All raising, near a harmless wave,
  The music of their merry voices;
And how their tiny feet they lave,
  And how each little heart rejoices!

V.

Within the white and glistening town
  The evening bells are softly chiming,
And chase the echoes up and down,
  For ever, with their happy rhyming.

VI.

And many a little pleasure boat,
  With lazy oar, is passing lightly,
While men sing gaily as they float
  Down, down the tide that glitters brightly.

VII.

Hark to the booming evening gun,
  That tells the time across the ocean,—
The stars are lighting, one by one,
  Their altar flames of high devotion!

VIII.

How many pleasant tones I hear!
And, mingled with the holy ringing,
The summer winds come far and near,
To charm us with their sweet low singing.

IX.

O God! so lovely is the song,
So rich the world Thy love has given,
Forgive me if I cannot long
To fly from all this joy to Heaven!

REPOSE.

I.

ALL gone to rest, and I must go;
But first, my book, a time with thee:
A moment by the gentle glow
That wastes itself in blessing me.

II.

Dear book, thou wise and ancient one,
  Dear flame, so buoyant in thy glee,
Dear happy sense of duty done,
  That makes this rest so sweet to me!

III.

I know our race is swiftly run,
  And ev'ry life is full of trial;
For though we have a glorious sun,
  Care is the shadow on our dial.

IV.

When mine is ending, free from blame,
  From grief, remorse, and folly free,
O may I sit by Hope's bright flame,
  And read the Book of Memory!

THE END.

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